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VOLUME LX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1892. NUMBER 43.

Poetry.

HER LAST DAY.

And with the dawn those angel faces smile
That I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
—Cardinal Newman.

I.

That day in its wonderful splendor of light
Grew fairer as onward it rolled;
It dawned in a glory of sapphire and rose,
It died in a glory of gold.

II.

We spoke much of life, of its promises fair,
Its sweetness, its sorrows, its fear,
Of its work to be done, of its burdens to bear,
And we dreamed not one Presence drew near,—

III.

We dreamed not there waited, unseen by our eyes,
The angel to lead her away;
Unguessed was that Presence, unheard the replies,
That thrilled through the air of that day.

IV.

And still all that wonderful glory of light
Enchanted the fast gliding hours,
And an undefined prescience touched her with its spell
While the sunshine lay low on the flowers,—

V.

And the angels whose faces had smiled from the dawn
Drew near her with beckoning hand;
One look, one last word, and with "Victory gained"—
She had gone to the Wonderful Land.
—Lilian Whiting.

Boston, Mass.

CLAIR OR MAUD?

Now which of these shall be my wife?
'Tis hard to choose between them—
So hard I sometimes really wish
That I had never seen them.

I met them first a year ago,
Upon the famed Rialto;
Their voices charmed me—Clair's so sweet,
And Maud's a rich contralto.

The eyes of Clair are heavenly blue,
And Maud's are brown and tender;
The one's petite, with dimpled grace,
The other tall and slender.

Ah! here's a plan—I'm sure 'twill work,
Let him who will deride it:
I'll wed the one whom first I meet,
And thus let Fate decide it.

* * * * * * *

With thoughts like these, the Prince of Dudes
Met Clair, petite and clever;
He whispered: "Thou shalt be my bride"—
She answered brusquely: "Never!"

His vanity a trifle piqued,
He left the lady's presence,
And drowned his thoughts, as young men will,
In shooting wild-wood pheasants.

But meeting Maud within a week,
He said: "Dear girl, let's marry,"
"Why, that can't be," the maid replied,
"For I'm engaged to Harry."
—Helen W. Grove.

UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

"The bee"—she sighed—"that haunts the clover
Has nature's errand to fulfill;
The bird that skims the azure over
Bears living seeds within his bill:

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,
He drops them on a barren strand,
And turns, unconscious of the doing,
The waste into a pasture land.

"I, craving service—willing, choosing
To fling broadcast some golden grain—
Can only sit in silent musing
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kissed her;
"All nature's realm of bees and birds—
What is such mindless service, sister,
Compared with your enchanted words?

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing
May ripen to a harvest broad,
Which yet may help, without your knowing,
To fill the granaries of God!"
—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.

Give me the Autumn—gracious is the Spring,
With all her dainty wayward promising,
Her wet shy secrets, half concealed, half told;
But Winter scarce has loosed on her his hold,
And she's as fitful as her April days—
Give me the golden corn where poppies blaze,
The laden orchards, and the strange rich glow
That dreaming Summer o'er the earth doth throw
To paint the reddening leaves before they die—
Trysting with Autumn as she passes by.
Here is fulfilment: joy of work that's done,
The hour of triumph ere the last sands run:
Fair is the Spring, yet tired hearts find cheer
When Autumn's patient strength crowns all the year.
—Christian Burke in Atalanta.

Miscellany.

COSSACKS OF RUSSIA.

After Centuries of Marauding They Have Become Soldiers—Combine the Skill of the Rifleman and Circus Rider.

A tribe of people known centuries ago as the wild Kazaks of Dnieper and the Don, freebooters, as the name implies in the Tartar tongue, has gradually been brought under rigid military rule, so that at the present day the descendants of this restless, warfaring race furnish the Russian empire with one of the most valuable elements of the national army. Their careers as freebooters came to an end under the reign of Ivan IV., and since then they have rendered excellent service as scouts and skirmishers, and their good offices in the protection of the frontiers, from the Caucasus to China, are almost invaluable.

They are light-armed soldiers, and, according to a writer in the Post-Dispatch, above all, artists on the horse. They ride their horses as easily bareback, without saddle or bridle, as with the usual equipments, and always at the briskest trot or the wildest gallop. The "Djighitovka," as they call their

STANDING IN THE STIRRUPS.

military code, which prescribes these many hazardous exercises practiced by the Cossacks, is calculated to fit the young cadets, the "Djighites," for the hardest and most perilous service rendered by this branch of the Russian army. When the cadet has gone through the intricacies of the Djighitovka, at which time he has attained his 21st year, he has lost all sense of difficulty or fear, and enters upon his regimental service for four years.

Among the most commonplace exercises which the code prescribes are hurdle racing on the part of the men, armed with sword and gun; shooting in every imaginable position, as turning backward in the saddle or using the horse as a bulwark to fire from behind. The latter exercise is particularly interesting. The Cossacks approach at a mad gallop, come to a sudden stop and jump from their horses, while the latter, trained as carefully as the men, lie down without a word of command and protect their riders with their flanks.

The Djighitovka is divided into two kinds of exercises, the arbitrary and the voluntary. The latter embraces a line of feats of which the best professional circus rider need not be ashamed. The men jump on the ground and back on their horses as they gallop madly along; they bend way down and lift objects from the ground as they tear over the open fields; they jump from one horse to another while the latter goes at full speed, or they ride along standing upright in the saddle and throwing the spear. In the latter case the Cossack stands really in his stirrups, which have been previously crossed back and forth to bring them on a level with the saddle. Standing on their heads while charging over an open field is by no means an unusual exercise. One shoulder pressed against the saddle, the Cossack maintains his equilibrium by clutching the stirrups with both hands.

The ambulance service with the Cossack regiments is limited to mutual help. Two mounted men on horses will hold a wounded comrade between them to remove him from the battlefield. Besides those wonderful feats of individual horsemanship the Cossacks execute exploits in groups, of which another cut is a fair sample, showing a daring rider carrying a comrade on his shoulders to fire at high range.

Cossack military training comprises two chief branches, that of handling the horse, and using either sword or gun with equal facility and to the greatest disadvantage of the enemy. While the regular code exercises are hazardous enough, the voluntary ones are always accompanied by great risk and danger, and energy and dauntlessness are as necessary elements as suppleness of limb. Much depends also upon the horses, and, because men and animals differ materially in point of natural aptitude, the latter exercises are not required generally but can be chosen at will, although the hardiest and most vigorous cadets are encouraged very liberally to go through them and personal rivalry has much to do with developing marvelously fearless Cossacks for his majesty, the czar.

Accidents, which are bound to occur now and then, do not diminish the number of candidates for that course of military training. A Russian proverb says: "Those who cut wood must not mind if the chips fly," and General Zeydlitz's reply to his royal master has become proverbial among the Cossacks.

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

"How is it," asked the king, "that so many men in your regiment break their necks?" "Your majesty," answered Zeydlitz, "if you desire it it shall be stopped, but in that case I will not be responsible for the conduct of the regiment when it faces the enemy."

FEATS OF THE ROMANS.

Vitellius Once Entertained His Brother at a $200,000 Spread.

As exemplifying the pitch to which Roman epicurianism was carried, and indicative of a truly barbaric nature, a dish consisting of the tongues alone of some thousands of the favorite songsters of the air was requisitioned at immense cost to satisfy the inordinate cravings of one of the emperors. Chambers' Journal can hardly avoid the reflection that such a being must have been extremely untuneful. The liver of a capon steeped in milk was thought a great delicacy, and of solid meat pork appears to have been most relished. The staunch Roman who did not take his pleasure homeopathically reclined during dinner on a luxurious couch, his head resting on his left elbow, supported by cushions. Suetonius draws attention to a superb apartment, erected by the extravagant Nero, in which his meals were partaken, constructed like a theater, with shifting scenes changing with every course.

The amount of money often expended by the wealthy Romans on their sumptuous meals appears fabulous. Vitellius is said to have spent as much as 400 sestertia (about £4,228 of our money) on his daily supper, and the celebrated feast to which he invited his brother cost no less than £40,350. It consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 of fowls, with other equally numerous meats. His daily food was of the most rare and exquisite nature; the deserts of Libya, the shores of Spain, the waters of the Carpathian sea, and even the coasts and forests of Britain were diligently searched for dainties to supply his table, and had he reigned long he would, observes Josephus, have exhausted the great opulence of the Roman empire.

By the way, we wonder if these happy-go-lucky Romans ever suffered much from indigestion. Of one thing we are certain, that in order to render the bridge from one feast to another less tedious, an occasional resort was had to the persuasive powers of an emetic. The extravagance of these times was indeed so boundless that to entertain an emperor at a feast, unless you were a Croesus, were to encounter almost financial ruin—literally to be eaten up. One dish alone at the table of Heliogabalus has been known to cost a sum equal to £4,000 of our money.

An Incident of the Wilderness.

"This is the 28th anniversary of the third day's fight at the Wilderness," said a veteran one morning to a Utica Observer man. "And were you in it?"

"Yes," answered the veteran; "my company lost its first man to-day 28 years ago." "How was he killed?" "He was shot by one of our company," came the unexpected response. "The fact is, we were frightened by the movements of the enemy. He was playing 'Dixie' and the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' so near us that we could distinctly hear him, when suddenly there was an alarm and every man in my regiment shot off his gun. That created a terrible racket and I—who had never been under fire—supposed we were attacked by the whole rebel army. In the midst of the confusion I heard the voice of the colonel of my regiment shouting: 'Cease firing, men!' Then, finally, when the firing had ceased I discovered that one poor fellow was dead. He had been shot through the back by a rear-rank man, and the duty devolved on me of writing to his family and giving the particulars of his death." "And did you do it truthfully?" "No," responded the veteran. "I told them he had been shot in the battle of the Wilderness, but I gave no particulars. It was better so."

Good Test of the Eye.

A trick that is going the rounds just now is to measure with the eye the distance to which you must push away the central one of three silver dollars side by side, their circumference touching, so that the distance from the lower edge of the central coin so removed shall be equal to the distance apart of the outer edges of the two other coins. You will probably do as every one else does, put the coins side by side and push the middle one upward along the table until you think you have done a rash thing by pushing it so far. When you measure you will find out. It is an odd perversity of the eye.—N. Y. World.

A Splendid Time.

Ted—"I'm afraid you didn't enjoy the dance last night. Left early, eh?"

Ned—"No; had a splendid time. Dollie and I sat on the stairs."—New York Sun.

FASHIONS IN FLOWERS.

Fragrant Blossoms That Become the Rage—Talks With a Florist About His Wares and Their Care.

There are fashions in flowers as well as in gowns and bonnets. The favorite of yesterday is obsolete to-day, and that which is in demand to-day will be banished and forgotten to-morrow.

There are a few people who love flowers for their own sake—the old-fashioned

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

hundred-leaf roses, lilies-of-the-valley that grow, as they remember, by the parlor doorsteps, and the borders of clove pinks up the walk from the gate to the front door.

April orchards—a cloud of pink and white, fragrant as the breath of Araby the Blest, delight their souls, and even the ragged, bitter-smelling flowers of "Bouncing Betty" are dear to their souls, and the straggling "Bull and Eggs" that will survive and grow and bloom long after the human habitation of which they give evidence has fallen into decay and have passed from the knowledge of men.

With almost everybody certain flowers have associations, sad or pleasurable, and a whiff of their breath brings to mind instantly the drama, the comedy or the tragedy of which they will henceforth be an inseparable part.

A nosegay of sweet peas recalls the half-dozen—dried, flattened and faded—that came folded in a letter, and they will forever recall the romance as fleeting and as perishable as themselves. And such are the ways of men—and women!

In the city flowers crowd the show windows in gorgeous and fragrant masses—a calendar in themselves, marking, like the vegetation out of doors, the changes of the seasons.

There are roses and carnations the year round—ready for the weddings and the funerals—sent in big paper boxes on the anniversary of the birthday at Christmas, New Year's Day and Easter. These are the offerings of wealth and prosperity, or comfortable mediocrity to their kind. There are flower mission offerings, and the contributions that find their way into sick rooms and hospital wards after the Sunday services in the rich churches. For it is thus that the lavish profusion within the chancel and upon the reading desk are disposed of.

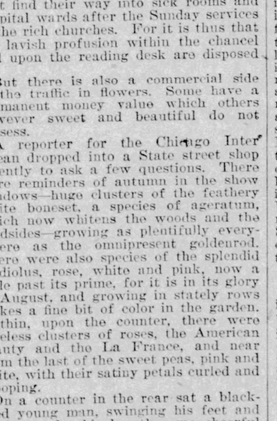
But there is also a commercial side to the traffic in flowers. Some have a permanent money value which others however sweet and beautiful do not possess.

A reporter for the Chicago Inter Ocean dropped into a State street shop recently to ask a few questions. There were reminders of autumn in the show windows—huge clusters of the feathery white boneset, a species of ageratum, which now whitens the woods and the roadsides—growing as plentifully everywhere as the omnipresent goldenrod. There were also species of the splendid gladiolus, rose, white and pink, now a little past its prime, for it is in its glory in August, and growing in stately rows makes a fine bit of color in the garden. Within, upon the counter, there were careless clusters of roses, the American beauty and the La France, and near them the last of the sweet peas, pink and white, with their satiny petals curled and drooping.

On a counter in the rear sat a black-eyed young man, swinging his feet and singing under his breath some cheerful ditty. Before him was a square pillow around which he had just arranged a border of feathery, bright green ferns, pinning fast the wiry stems with little pegs of wood. Near at hand was a heap of yellowy white immortelles, like little paper rosettes in their stiffness, and which—if the writer be pardoned—smell like pigs. He fastened these in place also, and presently put his head on one side, and critically inspected his handiwork. It was the conventional "at rest" that was intended to stand at the head of somebody's coffin, with other mortuary floral emblems of like character. The young man was not too busy nor too much engrossed to talk, and he was well up in his profession.

"Roses are always in demand," he said, flicking a speck from one of the fern fronds as he set the pillow to one side.

"They are suitable for all occasions—for gifts, and, according to color, for weddings or funerals. They do not vary much in price, ranging from $1 to $1.50 the season through. They are dearer in the winter, of course, than in the summer. Those that you get at 50 cents a dozen on the streets, or even at florists, are what are called "second day" flowers, and are not fresh. They hardly pay for buying, having been cut for some time. The best—that is, the



WILL HE BUY.

highest priced ones, are fresh from the commission houses."

"The commission houses?"

"Yes. Of course, nobody raises flowers in the city. They are grown in the suburbs, and are sent into the commission houses, carefully packed in boxes, and we buy our stock there. A great many are raised on the big rose farms near Terre Haute, Ind., and we get these, also, from the middle men who buy them there. There is one commission house on Lake street, another on Randolph, and one on Dearborn street, which largely supply the retail trade."

"How do you account for the change in taste so far as the varieties are concerned?"

"Part of it is a whim, like a great many other whims—without any real reason behind it. People get tired of one thing and like a change. Now, the Marechal Niel, that was in such favor ten years ago, is entirely out. You hardly ever see it. But there is a substantial reason for its disfavor. It is hard to raise, and is not a perpetual. It blooms but twice during the year, from three to four weeks, while it is in season. The pearl has taken its place. This blooms profusely, and looks exactly like the Marechal Niel, but it has no fragrance. The other is a fragrant rose. The niphetis was another favorite, and this, too, is not much in favor now. The bride rose has taken its place. The Jacqueminot is still popular, but this blooms only from February until March, so that it can not be much depended on. The steady favorites are the American beauty, which is liked because of its perfect form and its fragrance—it is the sweetest rose of all—the bride rose, Catherine Mermet, and La France—all pink. These are all without much fragrance, and that I consider a great defect."

"Why do you not deal in annuals—in verbenas and phlox?"

"They are too perishable. It would not pay us at all."

"The violet is as much a favorite as the lily-of-the-valley or the rose. Men like a little knot of them for a boutonniere, and women of dainty and refined tastes affect them for corsage bouquets. Even these, however, may be vulgarized by too great lavishness—as where they are carried, in a bunch as big as a cabbage, merely to advertise the bearer's bank account. To deal in flowers, at best, is like selling fresh air and sunshine, or the best spiritual qualities of the human being.

"Violets?" the florist went on, "they begin to come in during November, and the supply lasts through the winter until spring. They are worth through the winter about 25 cents a bunch. We do not sell anything but the English violets. The wild ones you get in the spring have a nice color, but no fragrance. Mignonette sells well. It is a pretty little thing, and keeps a long time; it is one of our sweetest flowers. Gillyflowers are also popular. They are in all the colors, purple, lavender, crimson, pink, and pure white, and there is nothing more fragrant in the whole florist's

HARD AT WORK.

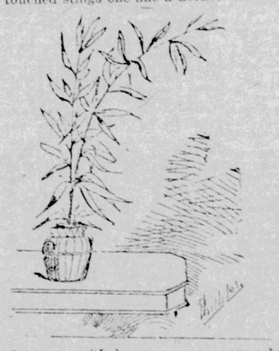
catalogue. Pansies are pretty well liked too. Ladies like them for the corsage. They are rather delicate and wither easily, but they last a good while in water.

"Asters and tuberoses are coming in plentifully now, and in a little while the earlier varieties of the chrysanthemums will be in bloom.

"The fad for chrysanthemums can hardly be called a fad any longer. It is settled, popular taste. People have found out what a satisfactory flower it is for nearly every purpose. It blooms in the open air until winter, and the cut flowers, if the stems are trimmed and the water changed; will keep nearly as long as orchids. It has been immensely improved by cultivation, and we have now a hundred varieties where ten years ago there was but one. It is larger, more perfect in form, and runs through all the shades from deep yellow to crimson, pink, and variegated to pure white. It is fine for decorating rooms, for center pieces, and ladies are especially fond of it as an addition to their toilet. You know, now, the finest chrysanthemums in the world are raised right here in the United States, and we have chrysanthemum shows that can not be surpassed. Some of the finest varieties are American productions—and they distance even the chrysanthemums of Japan."

Trees That Sting.

In Austria grows a curious tree which is dangerous, as well as wonderful. In the old trees the stem is grayish white and red berries grow on the top. The leaf is nearly round and jagged all around its edges like a nettle and has a point at the top. The tree emits a very disagreeable odor. This tree when touched stings one like a hornet. A trav-



eler says: "I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I know a horse so completely maddened, after getting into a grove of these trees, that he rushed opened-mouthed at every one who approached him and had to be shot. Dogs when stung will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part."

130 Years Old.

"I see that a negro has just died at the age of 110 years," remarked Henry W. Burson, laying down his paper at the Southern and sitting back for a comfortable chat. "One hundred and ten years is a pretty long while for a man to dodge death, but I know a man who is more than 130 years old, and is likely to live several years more. He is a Navajo Indian and resides in New Mexico near the Arizona line. His age is well authenticated by entries made by the early Catholic missionaries, who penetrated that country more than a century ago. The old redskin is quite intelligent, has a good memory, and if some pencil-pusher would get hold of him, pump him dry, then put his reminiscences in proper shape it would make a most readable book. Ten years ago he was nearly blind, but has now received his second sight and gets around as spry as most men who have attained to half his age."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Timely Correction.

A Texas young lady, who had enjoyed the advantages of a classical education at a Northern female college, happened to be at home when her aged grandmother was stricken down with a fatal disease. The entire family gathered around the death-bed of the old lady, who, in a feeble voice, said:

"Goodbye to all; I'm gwine ter peg out."

"Grandmother!" exclaimed the young lady, in a tragic tone of voice, "please don't say you are 'gwine to peg out.' Say you 'contemplate approaching the dissolution."—Texas Siftings.

Couldn't Walk.

Dashaway—After I took Miss Summit home from the theater the other night, I wanted to kiss her so much, and I think she rather wanted me to, but she had her self on.

Cleverton—Why didn't you ask her to take it off?

Dashaway—Because I wanted to get home in time for breakfast.—Cloak Review.

Separated.

Kingley—Ah, glad to see you back from the seashore. How is your wife?

Bingo—I don't know. I guess she's all right. Haven't seen her for several days.

Kingley—Why, didn't she come back with you?

Bingo—Yes; but she stopped on her way uptown to do a little shopping.—Cloak Review.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ELECTION WAGER.

Fred came in often during the succeeding week. Professor McElroy's trouble was not one that confined him to his room, and sometimes Fred was shown into the library, and at other times the professor visited the parlor. He was not obtrusively present, by any means; the old relations as they had existed for months, were simply being maintained.

The professor recovered quickly, and in a week's time was quite ready to take up his appointments again. Upon the last evening of their stay at home Fred came for a short call, intending to say good by and return home again, unless it should be evident that he would not be hindering them in their preparations.

Lide received him in the parlor and her father came in as usual, but after a few minutes' conversation, he excused himself to attend to some business matters connected with their trip. "You can entertain Mr. Bement this evening without my help, Pigeon," he said, as he was about to go.

"Unless he proves a too difficult case," she answered, smiling.

"In that case she can send me home, professor," Fred said. "Are you quite sure that I will not be in the way, Miss McElroy? You must have a great deal to do yourself."

"It is mostly done already," she assured him. "I am a very forehanded woman, Mr. Bement. I can easily give you until 9 o'clock. That is early bedtime, you know."

"For you?"

"Oh, no. I seem to have outgrown my childhood virtues. I am neither wealthy nor wise, however healthy I may be. But I know my duty to others. I shall dismiss you promptly at 9."

"But not to bed. I have a little work myself, to do yet."

"Are your working hours usually in the night time? You had a little work to do after I o'clock at night a week ago, if I remember rightly."

He laughed. "I have no partners nor legal apprentices yet," he said. "It is one of the inconveniences of hasting to be rich. When I become old and famous I can have my work done for me, perhaps."

"You do not seem to be the typical rich man's son," she said, studying him for a moment. "You work too hard and are too ambitious. Are you quite sure that you are not neglecting important matters in becoming a lawyer?"

"The spending of my father's fortune?" he asked. "It would not be large enough to satisfy me. And then it is hardly possible that I may be cut off with shilling, you know."

She laughed, and a tinge of color came into her cheeks. "I see that you are bound to be independent," she said, simply.

Fred did not answer, and throughout the evening he seemed to be in a moody humor. Lide started one topic after another, only to have them die on her hands. At last she tried politics in despair. At least she had been a forgotten or a forbidden subject between them of late. "Who do you think will be elected governor?" she asked.

"Campbell, of course," he answered, promptly.

"Do you want to bet on it?" she asked, laughing.

He looked at her with more animation than he had yet exhibited. "Yes, if you will let me name the stakes," he said.

"I am afraid that would not be safe. What shall they be?"

He looked down, and became serious at once. "I am afraid that I am not ready to name them, after all," he answered. "Let us make the bet and I will name them after the election."

"Not by any means!" she exclaimed. "No 'sight unseen' in this case. You would be putting me off with a handkerchief or a pair of gloves if I won, and demanding a house and lot, or some other ridiculous thing, if I should lose."

"It would be rather uneven," he said, gloomily. He had been rebuffed so often that he was not inclined to risk defeat again unless the permission to speak should be clear and unmistakable, and this encouragement she did not seem to be yet ready to give him. He relapsed into his moodiness again, and Lide began to get vexed at his unusual and unaccountable behavior.

"If you do not take more interest in the conversation, I will let it drop entirely," she said at length, with a smiling frown.

"It will not matter," he said. "My thoughts are pleasanter when I am not reminded of their hopelessness by your spoken words."

"Then I can leave you to your agreeable thoughts, and finish my packing," she exclaimed, springing up.

"By no means!" he insisted. "It is the inspiration of your presence that makes them pleasant. The other kind are apt to be despairing ones."

"If you make such speeches as that, I shall surely leave you," she said, smiling. But in her heart she was pitying him, and wondering why she should perversely continue to leave him in uncertainty.

He looked at her earnestly and imploringly. "Are my compliments to be forever distasteful to you?" he asked.

Her manner toward him suddenly changed. "That is a leading question, Mr. Bement," she said. "I prefer direct ones."

His face suddenly lighted up. Here at last was the distinct permission he had waited for so long. "I will make it very direct, Lide," he said joyously. "Will you be my wife?"

She looked at him in a quizzical way, and laughed. "I have a great mind to say 'yes' out of pity," she answered.

"I will take anything, even pity," he said, "if you are to go with it."

She still smiled at him in a tantalizing way, but with the air of one not inclined to be obdurate. "What was that bet you wished to make?" she asked.

"I do not care to make any now," he answered.

"Not if my answer depends upon it?"

"Are you going to condemn me to more uncertainty still?"

"The election is not far away. Which way will you have it? Is the pity to go with Campbell's election, or with McKinley's?"

"With McKinley's, if it must go with either."

"How is that? Have you lost faith in your candidate, or are you anxious for the—No?"

"I simply prefer that the 'Yes' shall go with McKinley's success."

"Very well. You may have it that way if you wish. I think that I can hold you in political subjection in such a case. It might be difficult otherwise. What am I to have if Campbell is elected?"

"Anything you can possibly ask for. I have chosen my stake. You shall choose yours. Bankrupt me if you will."

She laughed. "If Campbell is elected you are to marry Sadie Young," she said.

He looked at her ruefully. "Did I promise that? If I did I shall surely break my promise. But there is no danger of my losing. I have you fast this time."

"Indeed!" she said. "Did you not just assure me that Campbell would be elected?"

"O, that was just a figure of speech," he answered, laughing. "You need not try to get any consolation out of it."

She looked at him frowningly. She did not fancy his happy confidence. In giving her word conditional upon an event which she was sure would happen, she began to realize that the scepter had passed from her hands into his, and, child-like, she began to wish it back again.

It was clearly too late for that. She must find other ways of asserting her authority. "I have a great mind to send you home!" she exclaimed.

"It is not yet nine o'clock, Miss McElroy," he answered her.

"Or leave you and finish my packing."

He looked at the door as if calculating his chances of intercepting her if she should put her threat into practice, and concluded that it would be wiser to interpose other obstacles. "You may go if you wish to, now," he said. "You know I am anxious to do everything in my power to help the good work along."

When, at length the clock struck nine, Fred immediately started up. "You have not yet told me how long I must wait for you in case McKinley is not elected," he said, stopping at the door.

"I have no intention of marrying Sadie Young in that case."

"You know that is impossible."

"O, well, you may wait until Ohio has a Republican governor. I think that will be punishment enough for being a Democrat."

"It is really 'Yes' in any case?"

"Yes, Fred, I really do pity you."

He laughed joyously, and would have caught her in his arms, but she eluded him. "It is not yet election time, Mr. Bement," she said, frowning at him.

He desisted, but stood feasting his eyes upon her. "There will be but two weeks to wait," he said. "I am content."

"Two years, you mean."

"I do not mean anything of the kind, Miss McElroy. Good-night. I will see you again the morning after the election."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WAGER PAID.

Upon the night of election day, Fred Bement was naturally among the sleepless enthusiasts who waited patiently at the telegraph office for the election returns. Republicans and Democrats were both represented in the crowd, although, like diverse chemical substances, the union did not seem to be a perfect one. Fred was surrounded principally by Republican young men, not because of any known proclivities for the party, but because his social relations had been largely among them. His hopes rose and fell with the varying reports, but they were usually high, and he was jolly and enthusiastic in consequence.

One of his Democratic friends noticed his elation of spirits and was curious. "Look here, Fred Bement," he exclaimed. "You are happy over the wrong reports."

"I think not," Fred answered. "The reports suit me very well."

"Have you anything on the result?"

"Yes. Considerable in one way and another. But that is not the reason I am happy. I should laugh in any case, since my party is winning in a very satisfactory way."

"Your party? Please explain."

"I am a Republican. Did you not know that?"

"No, and no other man. That is too thin to pass as a joke."

"I am in joking humor, but that is no joke. You can find my name upon the roll of the Lincoln club in Columosa, if you will make the inquiry."

"Since when have you been a Republican?"

"Since I voted for Foraker a year ago."

"You have kept mighty whist about it."

"No one ever heard me deny it, or speak as if it were not true."

"And no one ever heard you admit it, either. Look here, fellows," the young man called to a knot of gloomy Democrats in the corner. "Here's nuts for you. Fred Bement announces himself as a turncoat. What do you think of that?"

The crowd edged over to where Fred was standing. "Get out! He's joking," one of them said,

"No joke, boys, but sober earnest," Fred answered, smiling. "But as far as the turncoat business is concerned, it is a poor son that can not cast one vote in honor of his respected father's opinions. After that he ought to be old enough to judge for himself. That is just what I am doing. I have concluded that there is not one solitary reason why I should be a Democrat, and that there are a hundred why I should be a Republican. As a sensible man, therefore, I must turn around and be a Republican, and that is all there is of it."

"I did not suppose that you would desert us like that, Fred," Jack Devin declared. He was inclined to look on both sides of a matter, and had been more intimate with Fred than most of the other Democrats present.

"Why should I not desert you?" Fred asked. "If you are on the wrong side I must desert you in order to be honest. And you are on the wrong side. You always have been on the wrong side. You were on the wrong side on the slavery question. You are on the wrong side on the saloon question. You are on the wrong side on the tariff question, and on the poor money question. You are wrong every way. I advise every one of you to desert and get into a party that is on the right side of things."

Fred's reasons for his change were so clear and clean cut and so decisively expressed that not one of them dared to combat them. They could not combat them, for very few of them could have given a satisfactory reason for their political faith. They were Democrats because they had been born so, not because they had any very decided convictions upon any subject. They could only answer, therefore, in slighting remarks. "Just wait until the old man hears of it," one of them said. "He will rake you down."

"My father knows of it already," Fred answered. "But that would make no difference. I carry my political sovereignty under my own hat, boys. My father has no right to dictate my vote, and surely my father's party has none. I will not even vote for the Republican party if it is wrong; or if it nominates unfit men for office."

"Mugwump, hey?" the last speaker inquired.

"Yes, if you call it mugwumping," Fred said, smiling. "But bear in mind that I mugwump up, from a poor party into a better one, not down, from a good party into a party that has no principles to speak of, and that cannot even agree upon the few principles they have. It is every man's duty to vote independently upon occasion. There is no mugwumping in that."

"Any Democrat who will become a Republican ought to be licked," one of Fred's former political compatriots said.

This gave Fred his opportunity. "A man who does not know what he is voting for, and why he votes as he does, ought to be disfranchised," he declared. "Come now," he asked, "can any one of you give a good, honest reason for being a Democrat?"

There was no answer, and Fred turned with a good natured laugh to listen to the returns which had been received a moment before. He was quite able to take care of himself as far as argument was concerned, and in wit and good humor there were none of the Democrats present who were able to cope with him. They soon after retired from the field discomfited, and as the returns continued to be unfavorable to their candidate, they quickly disappeared from view altogether. All news had very little attraction for them.

The ill wind of the Democrats proved a wonderfully enlivening one to the ones who remained. Fred was among the gayest of the gay. In his social relations he was a leader and a general favorite, the others looking to him to give the key note in most things not political. And to-night, in this newfound bond of sympathy between them, they were quite ready to make him their political leader, also.

When the result of the election was settled beyond a reasonable doubt, the whole party of Fred's friends started to accompany him home under the fictitious excuse that he was in great danger of being waylaid and mobbed in the streets. As they passed Professor McElroy's house Fred noticed that there was still a light in the library. "Boys," he exclaimed, "help me spread the good news, will you? The professor will be glad to hear it I know."

"How about the professor's daughter?" one of them asked.

"Oh, she will be glad to hear it, too. At least I hope she will."

"All right. Lead off," his friend said. "We shall be happy to help you tell Miss McElroy anything you wish."

"Follow Suit, then," Fred said, shouting out "McKinley! McKinley! McKinley!" in a sort of monotone chorus. The chorus was followed by a mocking laugh from Fred as he saw the shadow of a familiar form outlined upon the curtain, as if in a listening attitude. "Thank you, boys," he exclaimed, as they moved on again. "You have just helped me tell Lide McElroy that she is engaged to marry a worthless fellow of about my size."

"So that is what you had on the election, is it?" one of them said. "You are a lucky dog. You have got the smartest girl in Daleboro, if not the best one. I congratulate you with all my heart, Fred Bement."

"Thank you," Fred said, shaking hands with him and with the others in succession. "I know that she is the smartest, and I think that she is the best, but I will not insist too strenuously upon that point for fear that Harry Morton may have a different opinion."

Harry laughed happily. "We will call it a draw on that score," he said. "I am willing to admit the other."

They left Fred at his gate and he went in to sleep and to dream of happiness, after having assured his mother of his good fortune. She was almost as eager as Fred himself, in her hopes and anticipations, and she was quite willing to rejoice with him.

When Fred stood before Professor McElroy's outer door the next morning it was unlatched for him but he was left to open it for himself. He did so, but was only able to catch a glimpse of Lide as she disappeared into the parlor. He followed quickly, but she had already retreated to the back parlor with a mocking laugh. When he reached that she was just disappearing within the library door, and when next he saw her, she had taken refuge behind her father's chair.

"Papa, protect me from this vandal," she cried. "He has come to rob you."

"I am only in pursuit of what has been fairly promised me, professor," Fred declared. "I lay claim to that lady who has taken refuge behind you."

"Upon what grounds?"

"Upon the grounds that she wagered herself upon the result of the election and has lost. McKinley is elected and I demand the fulfillment of her bond, subject, of course, to your approval."

"Is this true, Pigeon?"

"Papa, I cannot tell a lie. It is true. But he assured me that Campbell would be elected."

Her father looked up into her face in a quizzical way. "I do not approve of betting," he said, "but if you have been foolish enough to bet, I do not see how I can save you from the consequences of it. I shall not defend you."

Fred laughed at her derisively. "Will you come, or shall I come after you?" he asked.

"If I come, you must keep your distance."

"Make any conditions you please, provided you come."

She left her retreat, and coming around to where he stood, she slipped a hand within his arm, and turned toward her father. "We are ready for the blessing, papa," she said, with an aspect of seriousness in her smile.

"You shall have it, darling," the professor answered, gravely. "God bless you, Fred, and yours. Deal with her as you would have God deal with you."

The tears came into Fred's eyes as he answered. "I shall, Mr. McElroy," he said. "I thank you for this gift. I shall prize it highly, I assure you."

Tears were in Lide's eyes, also, as she turned away with Fred. At the doorway she threw a loving glance over her shoulder. "By-by, papa," she said, seeing that he was looking after her in a mournful way.

"By-by, Pigeon," he answered, smiling quickly.

She closed the door after them, but before Fred could take advantage of the opportunity she looked up into his face in an inquiring, mischievous way. "Do you really care for the sentimentalities of love, Fred?" she asked.

He looked at her in surprise. He had looked forward to this moment with a good deal of pleasant anticipation, remembering as he did the loving caresses he had witnessed one day through the library door. Were these tender manifestations of love to be always denied him? But he was not at this moment inclined to be exacting.

"If you do you may take them," she said, blushing a little, when she saw that he hesitated.

"I will kiss you on your wedding day, Miss McElroy," he said.

She laughed, and led him to a small sofa that stood in one corner of the parlor, and sat down at one end of it. Fred took his place at the other end and looked at her as if he had been a miser and she his hoard of gold.

"What do people say when they are first engaged, I wonder?" she asked, seeing that he was likely to be content with admiring her.

"I cannot answer for people like Lide McElroy," he answered. "But ordinary mortals, I believe, do not say anything. They feel."

"With arms or hearts?"

"Tradition says with —h."

"Poor boy! You are being defrauded of some of your traditional rights, it seems."

"You need not condole with me. I have one left. You cannot stop the beatings of my heart. I am not going to complain."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "I have one traditional right left me, I believe," she said.

"What is that?"

"Naming the wedding day."

"Are you going to be unkind?" he asked, looking at her with suspicion.

"I do not know. Perhaps you will think so. What are you going to do with me? Take me home to your father's?"

"By no means! I wish I could, though, on mother's account. I shall put you into a cottage. It is all that I can afford now."

"Then that is all that I shall want. I am going to be a homely bride, Fred. Homely and home-loving, both."

He glanced at her dress, and remembered it as the one she had worn the day when he had gone quite daft over her housewifely charms. But he was silent, for feelings were deeper than thoughts at the moment.

"I remember that I am to marry a poor man," she continued. "In money, I mean. I will not call you poor in any thing else."

"A poor man! I am the richest man in Daleboro."

"Since when?"

"Since McKinley was elected."

"That is nonsense, Fred. Please be sensible."

"Cannot you give me a little latitude? You must remember that I am a little elated over my double victory?"

"What about the double victory?"

"The election of my candidate, and being elected to your favor at the same time. You know that the last has been a long campaign."

"Did you really vote for McKinley?" she asked, with a good deal of interest.

"Yes. And for Foraker a year ago. You see it is not a sudden conversion."

"It seems to me that it was—at the time. But I shall not complain. So you are really a Republican?"

"It seems so. I do not know about the other qualification you insisted upon."

"Oh, I knew that you were a hero long ago. I have only suspected you of being a Republican since you took me to Columbia. My plot was a more successful one than yours."

"I was afraid the secret had leaked out," he said, laughing. "But I fooled the boys beautifully. They were dumfounded when I told them last night."

"I am really delighted, Fred," she said, looking at him with smiling appreciation. "I will never accuse you of nonsense again—unless you become sentimental."

"Is sentiment barred out in this union?"

"As long as you are an object of pity, Sir Frederick," she answered, laughing. "You know I warned you."

"Still I do not complain. I can wait, if I am not compelled to wait too long. You did not name the day when I am to be allowed a little sentiment. Please be kind and make it an early one."

"I want to be kind," she answered. "Can you wait—a year?"

His countenance fell. "I am afraid not. Not unless there is some very good reason for it."

"I want to disprove the tradition that stepdaughters are necessarily cruel."

"It will not take a year

A Plymouth Rock Pilgrimage.

BY WM. H. MAHER.

I think there was an obligation upon the ancient Jews that they should, at the feast of the Passover, go up to Jerusalem every year. One needs no imagination to see how such a visit revivified their patriotism, and gave deeper and stronger roots to their national life.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of the American people that they shall make a yearly pilgrimage to the birthplace of American liberty, but it would seem as if every parent was under obligation to take his children once, at least, when they had reached an understanding age, to Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill.

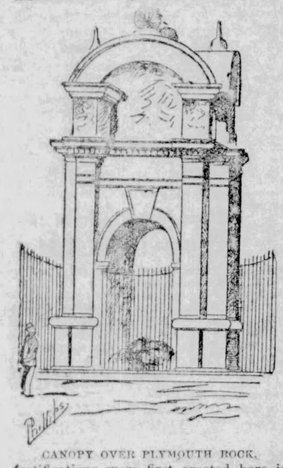
I am not one of those who worship the Pilgrims as being men without faults and human imperfections. I am able to see their narrowness and limitation, judged by the light of the nineteenth century, but even then they are seen to be men made in a heroic mold, and we who criticise them are

Not Worthy to Untie Their Shoes.

We determined to make a pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock, and to do homage to the brave-hearted, long-suffering men and women who there planted civil liberty on this soil.

I have been in and out of the harbors of most of the large cities of the North. There is none of them, to my thinking, that ranks with Boston in picturesque beauty or has greater historic interest.

The ride by boat from Cape Cod to Boston is an interesting one. Fort Warren, "the key of the harbor," greets us some seven miles out from Boston. The historian of the party informed us that



CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK.

fortifications were first erected here in 1778, to protect a fleet of French ships from the English. In 1833 the national government began the construction of a first-class fortress here, and these works were not finished till 1850. The famous song to which so many feet have kept time, "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave," was composed and first sung here in the spring of 1861. It was adapted to an old Methodist camp-meeting tune, somewhat altered in form, and the Brigade band stationed at the fort was the first that played it. Trifling incident this, yet what a chord it touches!

A few months after the war broke out Fort Warren became a prison for captured rebels and treasonable copperhead sympathizers. The famous rebel emissaries, Mason and Slidell, were held here until delivered up to England. Gen. Buckner was sent here after his surrender of Ft. Donaldson, and Tilghman, who surrendered Ft. Henry. Among the other prominent rebels sent there later were Gens. Cabell, G. W. Gordon, Marmaduke, T. B. Smith, Trimble, and the dashing cavalryman, Harry Gilmor. And in '64 Phil Sheridan sent Ewell, Hunton, Kershaw, Barton, Corse and Simms.

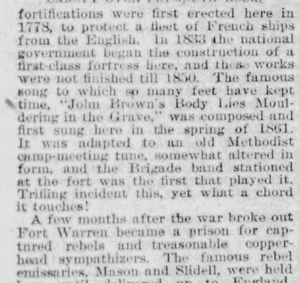
Later on, that same year, Alex. H. Stephens was sent there and kept under guard for five months.

Passing several pretty islands we reach another fort, Ft. Winthrop. This island was granted to John Winthrop in 1632, and in 1696 the first rude fortifications were built upon it. Fifty years later more formidable works were begun, and some of the batteries now there were built in 1812.

After passing this, we come to the old Puritan stronghold. Ft. Independence has a story too long to be told here. Let me quote a sentence or two about it. Not that the reading of these will do more for you than to help you feel that a sail down the harbor is full of rich associations, and when you are next in Boston you will devote a day or part of one to this ride.

"The fortress had its birth in the dawn of the history of the Bay colony, even before Cromwell bore witness to the virtues of religious fish and dry powder. * * * About midsummer of 1634, Governor Dudley and his council, with 'divers ministers and others,' visited Castle Island, and, in the rich beauty of a July afternoon, voted that it was exactly the place for a fortress. In 1673, having been destroyed by 'fier,' it was ordered to be rebuilt. In 1701 all the old works were removed and a scientific fortification of bricks commenced. When the British evacuated Boston and the fort, they destroyed the barracks, blew up the magazine, and otherwise defaced the island. Washington sent Col. John Trumbull there at once. The Continental troops restored the works under the command of Lieut. Col. Paul Revere. It was christened Ft. Independence during a visit of President John Adams. The historian adds: 'This fortress is the most ancient military post in the United States, continuously occupied for defensive purposes. Important as its position is, and often as hostile flags and armaments have been within sight of its walls, the fort has never been besieged, and has never surrendered to an alien summons.'"

The next morning we visited Bunker Hill. No, I am not going to go into de-



THE OLD FORT, BURIAL HILL, 1621.

tails of its history, or of the Monument. You know all of that as well as I do. I had seen the monument three times before, but coming to it now after supping on Colonial history, and my children with me, I had widely different emotions than when I was there before.

We climbed the 295 spiral steps with many a weary groan on the part of the elder ones, but led by the Young Person, whose feet seemed to have wings, and whose spirits were fresh with her body.

You have seen that magnificent view from the windows 200 feet above the top of the hill? The vales and mountains inland, the islands and waters of the sea lie before you, and you have felt, as we felt then, that so long as you live that beautiful picture can not fade from your memory.

I do not envy that man his power of imagination who can stand on this hill and not feel that he is on holy ground, and in the presence of mighty men. They are not dead! Warren, Putnam and Prescott can not die. Their names, their deeds, their patriotism, sung by Longfellow and Whittier; praised by Webster and Everett, are immortal and long after this hill has disappeared from the earth their names and deeds will be remembered.

We informed the two young people that they had peculiar interest and ownership in all the glories and glorious feats of the battles here begun. By inheritance they were "daughters of the Revolution," through that patriotic great grandfather in Connecticut, who had fought under Washington. Where was there a more appropriate time or place to recall to them this heritage of theirs?

Then we took them to the Commons, and the Young Person took off her shoes and stockings to wade in what was once the frog pond. Scores of little Boston boys and girls and dogs were wading in the pond, but I think this was the only little Toledo girl in that day.

From Boston to Plymouth is but two hours' ride by the cars. The Old Colony railroad has four or five trains a day. The fare for the round trip is about $1.50, and the Samoset House is near the depot, and near the historic part of the town, is owned by the railroad company, is a good house, and charges $2.50 per day.

Perhaps a pleasanter way to reach the famous town would be by boat from Boston, giving one the beautiful harbor, and a ride in the bay; round trip tickets selling at 75 cents. However one goes, there is no place in this country where, in one day, one can see so much that is well worth seeing.

I think something must have conspired to give Plymouth a "boom" this summer. I think I have seen ten articles in the past two months upon Plymouth, and I take it that the Columbus celebration has quickened interest in everything colonial and old.

To do Plymouth justice, and give any one who has never been there the proper description of it, would require a dozen articles, and then one would only skim the surface. I am not intending to go into details. You can find these in every library, and they are well worth reading.

One walks down the street to the old rock for the first time with deep emotions. He is going to see the spot that poets and orators have been describing to him since first he could read. He passes down the beautiful street, for Plymouth is a beautiful place, the bay lying calm and silvery in the evening light; he recalls the vessel that first lay in Provincetown harbor, then its slow voyage, in cold December, to this coast. Highland light, on Cape Cod, is visible from Plymouth to-day, but there was no light before or behind them, except the fires of the savage.

The first surprise in store for us is that the famous stone is a long ways from the water's edge. I had pictured, and so had you, large rocks, over which forever and always, "the breaking waves dashed high." We stood on old Burial hill; at our feet was the famous rock, but it was in the midst of dry land, and 200 feet from the water. Mary Chilton could never have been rowed that far inland in order that she might step on that stone. One begins to wonder if the whole story is a fable when he is informed that all the ground between the rock and the water is made ground, and the dock has been built out to deeper water, and that before this dock was built this rock was where it could be reached by boat.

The gates of the protecting building are open, and we are beside the rock; then, one by one, we step upon it, and the fifty years roll backwards. We join hands with those brave-hearted men and women of 1620, and these figures are the only inscription on the stone. Its ground and said by geologists to have been brought down from the north in the glacial period, and to have been fashioned by the mighty weight of ice above it.

Back of the stone is the high bluff used as a burial ground during the early years, but further back is the later burying ground on a higher hill, where was also the old log church and watch tower. In this burying ground were laid Governor Bradford and his descendants down to the seventh generation. Old stones that date back 250 years are there, and one feels that if any spot on earth where the dead are placed is sacred, then this is the place to be visited with uncovered head and reverent spirit.

On a still higher hill is the Pilgrim National monument, a grand and imposing work of art to commemorate the Pilgrims, that is in every way worthy of its subject. The principal figure is Faith, a majestic creation in face, form and poise, that is ennobling to look upon. It can be seen far off at sea, and seems to be rightly placed.

A fish market now is built over what was the Pilgrim's spring, but we drew water from that well and drank it as we never yet drank wine. We visited the town brook, where the women came to do their washing. We saw the oldest house, and we went to the Museum, where are gathered precious heirlooms. Here an admission fee is charged, but all else is open and free. The night was as quiet as if one were out at sea. The town is built on the branch of the railroad, and no trains appeared to come in or go out late at night. From our window we could see the bay and the glistening lights reaching along the shore out to Cape Cod. We went to sleep thinking of Miles Standish, whose monument had been plain all the evening against the sky, from Captain's Hill; of John Alden; of Mary Chilton, who was honored by having an electric car there named after her; of Bradford, of the old Indian Massasoit, and of the bitter winter on this "stern and rock bound coast."

After an excellent breakfast we once more went the rounds, gathering a flower here, a leaf there, a blade of grass or a twig, to put away in the "memory book" of our visit.

We were fortunate enough to secure for a guide a native of the town who seemed to take as much delight in showing us the place as we did in seeing it, and much of our enjoyment came from his intelligent way of showing us around. He particularly recommended us to read the novels written by Jane G. Austin, "Standish of Standish," etc., as being correct locally and historically.

I endeavored to impress the Young Person with the story of the Pilgrims, that her visit might remain in her memory, and it was pleasure to her, I am afraid that I did not succeed, as I hoped to do. I have just asked her what she remembers about Plymouth, and she answers glibly enough:

"I remember Plymouth very well; that's where we bought the Mayflower spoon."

AMERICAN SILK.

Those Who Think It Inferior Are Not Up to Date.

American women have not yet been educated out of the notion that the silk of their own country can not approach in quality the silk that is imported. But it can, and it does. Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who has just been appointed to have charge of the interior decorations of the woman's temple at the World's Fair, is president of an association known as "The Associated Artists." It is made up of ladies, and their work is the furnishing of artistic designs for American silks and other art fabrics. They make what is called "shadow silk," a thick, soft material, upon which the design is almost indefinable. Only the shadow of a design appears.

One of these silks was taken to London this summer by an American woman. It was a design of wild roses with shaded leaves. The colors were a delicate old pink and an indescribable shimmering green. Each fold of the silk when held in the light disclosed a new tone of color.

They took the silk to a firm of dressmakers in London who make a specialty of art fabrics and of art hats and gowns. She asked to have her own material made up after one of their designs. She showed them her silk.

"Oh," exclaimed the forewoman, "how beautiful! Where did you get it?"

"It is an American silk," said the New York woman, with pride.

"But it was not made in America, madame," declared the English modiste.

"Indeed it was," asserted the American. "It was designed and manufactured in New York."

It was evident that the dressmaker did not believe the statement, although she was too polite to say so.

The dress was made with bands of undressed leather, which matched the green of the silk. Upon the leather were embroidered golden dragons with topaz eyes. The firm acknowledged it to be the most artistic creation they had ever turned out.

The dress was placed on exhibition. Numerous inquiries were made as to where the silk could be obtained. Samples were sent to various silk manufactories of Europe, but nothing could be found that was in the least like it.

When the dress was delivered to the owner the forewoman asked very confidentially:

"Will you not tell us where you got that silk, madame? So many of our customers are asking for it."

"I did tell you," replied the American, and she gave again the address of the place where she bought the silk.

"But, madame," persisted the forewoman, "it seems impossible that this is American silk."

The New Yorker was nettled. She glanced at the gray hair of the English woman and said, with patriotic fervor:

"I should think that a woman of your experience would have learned that nothing is impossible in America."

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to your system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Taming Leopards in India.

The Cheetah is tied in all directions, principally from a thick grummet of rope around his loins, while a hood fitted over his head effectually blinds him. He is fastened on a strong cot bedstead and the keepers and their wives and families reduce him to submission by starving him and keeping him awake. His head is made to face the village street and for an hour at a time several times a day his keepers make pretended rushes at him and wave cloths, staves and other articles in his face. He is talked to continually and women's tongues are believed to be the most effective antisoporifics. No created being could resist the effects of hunger, want of sleep and feminine scolding and the poor cheetah becomes piteously abjectly tame.—Beast and Man in India.

Late and Early.

Father—"No appetite this evening, eh? What is the matter? Late lunch?"

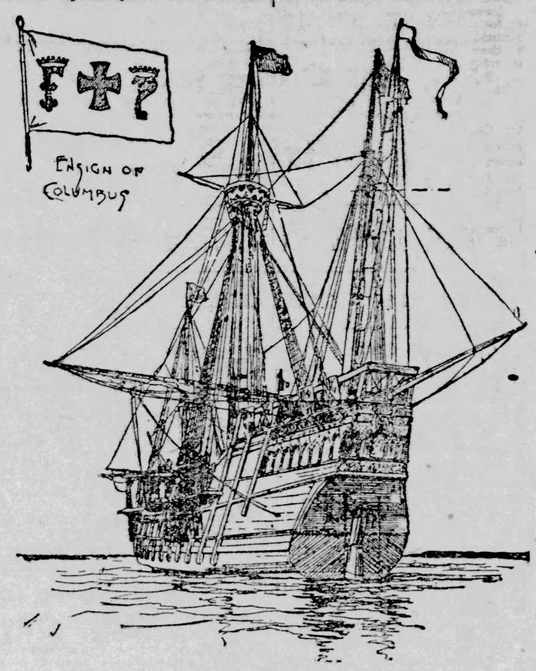
Little Boy—"No, sir. Early apples."—Exchange.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold by F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

THE SANTA MARIA.

The Flagship of Columbus as It Will Appear at the World's Fair.

The accompanying sketch shows the reconstruction of Santa Maria, the flagship of the fleet of Columbus. The engraving, which was made from a photograph taken immediately after the vessel was launched at the arsenal of Carraca, is reproduced from one of the illustrated Spanish journals. The model



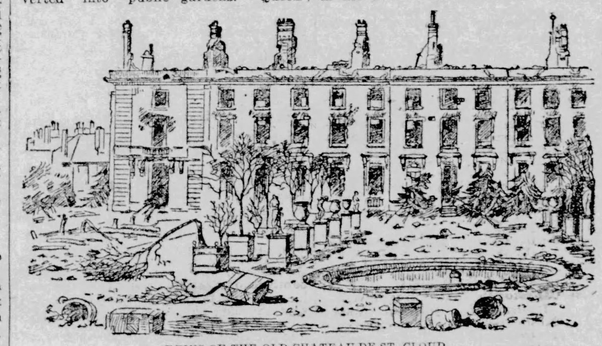
THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."

of the vessel was constructed in sixty-three days under the direction of the Spanish naval architect, Senor Leopold Puente Y. Wilke. The caravel was constructed at the expense of the Spanish government, while the two other vessels, the Pinta and the Nina, are being built in Spain at the cost of the United States under the direction of Lieut. Little, an American naval officer. The Santa Maria was a prominent feature of the celebrations of August 3 at the port of Palos in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the departure of Columbus in search of the new world. The Santa Maria is less than 100 feet in length, and her tonnage is about 130. At the present time she has been completely finished and equipped, including a reproduction of an entirely insignificant armament of seven falconets and a few smaller pieces of ordnance. The launch at Carraca was made the occasion of a solemn ceremony, and the caravel glided into the water, carrying the great flag of Castille, the royal standard of Spain and the insignia of Christopher Columbus. This reconstructed vessel is to cross the Atlantic with her two consorts, with a suitable convoy, and to take part in the great naval review to be held in New York bay. After this celebration the vessels will be taken to Lake Michigan, where they will form next summer one of the features of interest at the World's Columbian Exposition.

THE CHATEAU DE ST. CLOUD

Grounds to be Converted Into a Public Garden.

The famous Chateau de St. Cloud, a sketch of part of which, in its ruined condition, we reproduce below, was, a few weeks ago, sold by the Municipality of Paris, in order that the grounds on which the ruins stand may be converted into public gardens. Queen



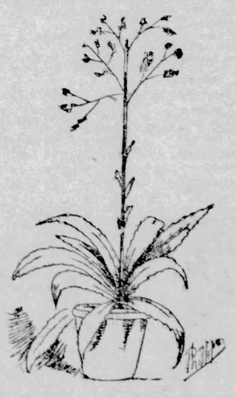
RUINS OF THE OLD CHATEAU DE ST. CLOUD.

Marie Antoinette purchased the palace in 1785 from the Duc d'Orleans, and somewhat altered the architectural features of the building. Napoleon selecting it for his favorite residence in later years, his nephew, Napoleon III., was baptised within its walls in 1805. After the battle of Waterloo, the Prussian Field Marshal Blucher lay in the emperor's bed there; while in turn the palace has been occupied by Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. It was in the palace library, on July 17, 1870, that the emperor signed his declaration of war against Prussia, and three months later, on October 13, during the memorable siege of Paris, the place was destroyed, not by the bombs of the enemy, but by those of the French themselves in their endeavor to rout the Prussians who held a position in close proximity to St. Cloud. Much regret has been expressed that the historic ruin, and one of the sights of the environs of Paris, is now to be removed. The illustration is copied from a photograph taken just after the siege.

A FEMALE CENTURY PLANT.

It Gives Birth to Flowers and Then Withers Up and Dies.

In a high glass room in the greenhouse at No. 734 Fifth avenue there towers thirty feet in the air a century plant. It is a rare floral curiosity. Mr. John Condon, the owner, tells an interesting story of its possession, and its history is peculiar. Fully twenty-five years it has lain around his place in company with other plants to which no care was given, except to crowd it in some warm corner where it might lazily thrust out an occasional spiked leaf. Its diameter was about three feet and resembled a large cabbage that had not reached proportion.



MR. CORDON'S CENTURY PLANT.

In June there appeared a stem in the center of the century plant, and before it received attention had grown several inches. Mr. Condon watched the growth and became convinced a flower was developing. Now this stem is thirty feet high, two inches thick and hard enough to resist a sharp pruning knife. The roof of the hothouse was raised to let the flower grow. Twenty feet up the stem limbs jutted out, ten in number, each bearing three smaller branches. From these hung sprays of buds much like strawberries of from three to ten, making in all about five hundred flowers, a sort of general blossoming.

"They call them century plants, but I don't believe they wait a century before they bloom," said Mr. Condon. "I had the pleasure of seeing whole groves of them during my journey in Mexico last summer, and the fact that they bloom so infrequently doubtless gives rise to the pleasant fiction concerning them. They are in Mexico a very profitable investment, and are used for the purpose of both food and drink. After the stem has reached its full growth it is cut down, and the sap, which fills the basin at its base, is ladled out, and forms a toothsome and very intoxicating drink called pulque. All but myself in the party tried a little one day. I hardly cared for it after I saw it."

"How long will the plant remain in bloom?" he was asked.

"Several weeks, but not at its best," was his response. "This is a female plant, and there is a pathetic view to take of the matter. For years, perhaps, a century, the plant goes on preparing itself for the flower, and the shoot it sends up is its dying effort. The blossoms carry in them the life of the new plants, and the old plant dies in giving them birth."

He Deserves Sympathy.

"Really there are some persons who have no luck. That blind old man at the corner over there is one of them. He has just lost his daughter."

"Yes, that's unfortunate."

"Especially as he will now be obliged to buy a dog."—European Exchange.

SELL HER—THAT'S RIGHT.

Sell her—that's right! She is young, she is fair,
There's the light of the sun in the coils of her hair;
And her soul is as white as the first flake of snow
That is falling to-night. 'Tis a bargain—a go.
Sell her—that's right!

Sell her—that's right! For a bagful of gold.
Put her down in your ledger and label her "sold."
She's only a beauty with somebody's heart,
And the church, for a pittance, will wash out the shame.
Sell her—that's right!

—Life.

Learned to Cipher.

Aunty—So this was your first term at school? What did you learn?

Little Girl—I learned how to cipher.

Aunty—You learned arithmetic?

Little Girl—No'm. I learned how to write cipher notes to little boys wot nobody else could read. A little girl taught me.

THESE ARE "BIRDS" INDEED.

The carnivorous birds croak, grain-eating birds sing.

Parrots cost but 10 cents each to the dealers in Central America.

A chicken with a hawk-shaped head and beak is one of Missouri's curiosities.

A blue crane, a rare bird in that region, was shot the other day near Manistee, Mich. It measured six feet from tip to tip of wings and five feet from head to feet.

The ornithorhychus of Australia lays eggs like a bird, suckles its young like other mammals, and in general appearance and habits resembles the beaver of this country and Europe.

A resident of Buckingham county, Virginia, killed and opened 26 hawks before he found out that the reward of $3 each offered by Governor McKinney for hawk's gizzards was a hoax.

Flocks of young Chinese pheasants are reported at various points in Eastern Washington. With a few years of protection, the fields and forests of that section will be well stocked with this superior table fowl.

About 250,000 canary birds are raised every year in Germany, and, besides the 100,000 birds that are sent to this country the English market takes about 50,000 and the next best customers are Brazil, China, the Argentine Republic, and Austria, to which country salesmen are sent with large numbers of birds every year.

An interesting fight between a horse and a couple of blue jays occurred a short time ago at Cedar Key, Fla., in which the latter came out victorious. A horse was hitched to a tree, when the blue jays would fly down upon him and claw him. The horse stood it for some time, when, suddenly, it got tired of such treatment and threw himself back on the latter, breaking it and running away. After the jays had succeeded in getting the horse loose, they flew up in a tree and chattered as though they had won a great victory.

You see the last of Catarrh, if you'll take Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. With the poisonous, irritating snuffs, strong caustic solutions, creams, balms, and the like—you don't. They may, perhaps, help you for a time, but when Catarrh is driven from the head by such means, something else is sure to suffer. Usually, nine times out of ten, it's the lungs.

With Dr. Sage's Remedy, there's a perfect and permanent cure, by sensible methods. The worst chronic cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. Not only Catarrh itself, but Catarrhal Headache, Cold in the Head—all the troubles that may cause Catarrh or may come from it.

There's either a perfect and permanent cure, no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing—or there's $500 in cash for you.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy, in perfect good faith, agree and contract to give you one or the other.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Wages Here and Abroad.

A. G. S., Coffeyville, Kan.: Col. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor, has been making an exhaustive study for years of the comparative wages and conditions of labor in Europe and America. Recently he made comparison of the wages of the heads of 5,284 families engaged in the manufacture of iron and textile fabrics in the United States, Great Britain, Germany and France. These families averaged 5.20 persons each. Their average incomes were: United States, $674; Great Britain, $310; France, $418; Germany, $287. From this it will be seen the average American iron, cotton or wool worker receives one-third more than the average British workingman, more than 50 per cent more than the French and almost more than three times as much as the German. Proceeding then to the consideration of the family expenses, Col. Wright finds that the principal expense was for food, and the comparative outlay of the workmen of each of the four great industrial nations were: United States, income, $674; expended for food, 44 per cent, or $298. Great Britain, income, $310; expended for food, 50 per cent, or $262. France, income, $418; expended for food, 48 per cent, or $200. Germany, income, $287; expended for food, 50 per cent, or $143. That is, after buying food for his family, the American workman has $376 left; the British, $250; the French, $218, and the German, $144. It is not possible that the foreign workman can begin to have as much or as good food as the American, for the sufficient reason that food is much cheaper and more abundant here than in Europe. Nor can the next great item of expense, rents, be less, owing to the greater cheapness here of ground and the main items of building material. What lends additional interest to these comparisons is that Col. Wright is a pronounced free trader, and so cannot be accused of doctoring his figures in the interest of protection.

Railway Earnings.

S. E., Lansing, Mich., writes: "Mr. C. Wood Davis, usually an optimistic writer, in the Arena for February, 1891, page 310, exhibits a table of statistics which shows that, during the fifteen years from 1874 to 1888, inclusive, the net earnings of the railroads in this country amounted to $1,562,280,471, in addition to 6 per cent interest on an estimated actual cost of $30,000 per mile, which is thought by some good authorities to be an over-estimate, especially when it is considered that the present owners, in many cases, did not pay nearly so much as the original cost. On this basis, railway investments have been paying fair dividends on the actual capital employed, including the enormous amount of fictitious or watered stock.

"On the other hand, according to a circular issued by Henry Clews in 1890, 'the capital stock invested in railroads in this country has grown more unprofitable year by year since 1882. In 1883 the average dividends on the capital stock was 2.75 per cent. It steadily declined since then, till, in 1889, the average dividend was only 1.77 per cent. The amount secured during a period when the increase in the per cent of business was more than three times that of the increase in the per cent of the capital stock.' The New York Financial Chronicle, from time to time, has also supported this view as to the unprofitable character of railway investments. What are the reasons for the radical difference between the authorities quoted?"

It would be an unprofitable task to try to find out where the first writer named got the figures on which he based his calculations, for they must, of necessity, be absolutely erroneous. The actual facts are as stated by Clews, and all trustworthy financial authorities agree with it. The New York Financial Chronicle has been for many years the highest authority in the United States on such questions, and there is on the smallest doubt that the facts are as it states.

Paper Circulation.

H. C. P., Lincoln, Wash., asks: "When the bonds are paid off why could not the government issue notes direct as proposed by the People's party?"

It could, but it would not be wise. As long as Congress has the power to fix the amount of such notes in circulation, there would be a constant agitation by demagogues, and persons ignorant of the laws of finance, for "more money." There would be this constant danger of forcing an over-issue of notes, with their consequent depreciation and the driving of coin out of circulation.

But there is a still stronger objection. No man with an iota of common sense believes in a "fiat" currency. If the plan should be adopted of having the government issue notes in excess of the coin or bullion it has on hand, they would have to be promises to pay coin. They would be a debt just as much as the bonds are. Why should the government owe us on Furnish notes which it would have to pay?

The only sensible plan of government notes would be to furnish coin certificates, like the present gold and silver certificates, each of which represents that much coin actually in the Treasury, and which is paid out when the certificate is redeemed. This would not suit the People's party theorists, who want an avalanche of paper, which would be both irredeemable and depreciated, as an inevitable consequence.

But why debate this question? The bonds now out are not redeemable until 1907—fifteen years in the future. Let us wait till we get to the stream before we cross it.

United States Senators.

A. W., Wellington, Kan.: The terms of 25 United States Senators will expire with the existing Congress and their places will have to be filled by the legislatures to be chosen at the coming general elections. For that reason much interest attaches to the choice of members of the legislatures of the several states. The states which will be called upon to fill vacancies, together with the names of those now holding seats in the Senate, and whose terms will expire on the 3d of March, 1893, are appended:

	Present Senators.	Party.
California	Charles N. Felton	Rep.
Connecticut	Joseph R. Hawley	Rep.
Florida	Samuel Pasco	Dem.
Indiana	David Turple	Dem.
Maryland	A. P. Gorman	Dem.
Missouri	F. M. Cockrell	Dem.
Maine	Eugene Hale	Rep.
Massachusetts	Henry L. Dawes	Rep.
Michigan	Francis B. Stockbridge	Rep.
Minnesota	Cushman K. Davis	Rep.
Mississippi	James Z. George	Dem.
Montana	Wilbur F. Sanders	Rep.
Nebraska	Algernon S. Paddock	Rep.
Nevada	William M. Stewart	Rep.
New Jersey	Rufus Blodgett	Dem.
New York	Frank Hiscock	Rep.
North Dakota	Lyman R. Casey	Rep.
Pennsylvania	Matt S. Quay	Rep.
Rhode Island	Nelson W. Aldrich	Rep.
Tennessee	William B. Bate	Dem.
Vermont	Redfield Proctor	Rep.
Washington	John Beard Allen	Rep.
West Virginia	Charles J. Faulkner	Dem.
Wisconsin	Philetus Sawyer	Rep.
Wyoming	Francis E. Warren	Rep.

Wertmuller, the Artist.

A. C. A., Stamford, Conn.: Adolph Ulric Wertmuller was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1851; died in Pennsylvania in 1811. He painted for some time in France, and was made a member of the French Academy in 1782. In 1787 he was made court painter of Sweden. In 1794 he came to the United States on a visit, and in 1797 emigrated here permanently. During his first visit he painted five portraits of Washington. Though he was an excellent artist, these pictures were not considered faithful portraits, as Washington belonged to the Gallic French school, which usually sacrificed truth for clearness in execution. One of these was bought by the United States government, and another is owned by the Historical society of Pennsylvania. We have not the facts to answer your other questions.

Political Phrases.

J. S., Raleigh, W. Va.: "Tammany" is the Tammany society of New York, a political Democratic organization, which controls New York city with a rod of iron. Every city official and the mayor is a Tammany man. It is the most corrupt political organization in the world. "Wall street" is used by ignorant ranters to mean the Stock Exchange, because years ago the Stock Exchange was located on Wall street, though it is not now. "Blocks of five" refers to a letter printed by the Democrats during the campaign of 1888, and alleged to have been written by Mr. Dudley, with regard to organizing Republican voters in Indiana. They were to be divided into blocks of five voters living near each other, and each block was to be in charge of one man, whose duty it was to see that they did not neglect to vote.

Circulation Per Capita.

T. T. F., Lamar, Mo., writes: "In the October 6 issue of The Blade in the Question Bureau, you say the circulation per capita is about $24—larger than it has ever been before at any time in our history. I read it to a man who said it was a lie that John Sherman said there is only $17 at the present time, and that now he says it is 'you have so much more than Sherman?'"

John Sherman never made such a statement regarding the circulation at the present time. Ask the fellow to show you the proof, or acknowledge himself a bigoted falsifier. The table published in the Question Bureau of October 6 is an official one, compiled by the Director of the United States mint, and can not be contradicted by anyone with truth. The official statement of October 1 gives the per capita circulation at over $24.

Highest Price of Gold.

J. S. H., Walton, Kan., has our thanks for this correction. He says: "In the Question Bureau in Weekly Blade of Sept. 29, under the head of 'Currency Questions,' in reply to J. W. N., do you not make an error in giving 162 1-2 as the highest premium on gold? and Sept. 24, 1869, as the date?"

Yes, it is an error. Sept. 24, 1869, was "Black Friday," on which an attempt was made to "corner" gold; and the price that day, 162 1-2, was the highest point it reached after the end of the war.

Gold reached its highest price ever known in this country on July 11, 1864, the quotations on that day ranging from 276 to 285. The average daily price of gold for that month was 258.1. We regret the error, which was due to haste.

Minnesota's Boundary.

D. W. C., Edom, Tenn.: Thes northern boundary of Minnesota, beginning at the northwest corner of the state, is formed by the 49th parallel of north latitude, to a point in the Lake of the Woods; thence due north to the parallel of about 49 degrees 30 minutes; thence in a curved line southeast to the mouth of Rainy Lake river, and thence along that river and chain of lakes to Lake Superior. The northern "jog" in the boundary gives Minnesota a small tract on the east shore of Rainy Lake, north of the 49th parallel, and not connected with the remainder of the state. The northern boundary of the United States was surveyed by a party of commissioners sent out by our government and the British government, and settled by treaty.

October 12 or 21?

J. S., West Toledo, O., asks: "Will you kindly explain this: Why is the great Columbian celebration to be held on October 21, instead of on October 12? Every history that I have examined gives the date of discovery of America as October 12, 1492."

The discovery of Columbus was made on October 12, 1492, Old Style. This corresponds with October 21, New Style; hence the dedication ceremonies at Chicago are to be held on the 21st.

Smoked Ham.

G. G., Joliet, Ill., asks: "Does the smoked ham we buy really get smoked? From what I have heard, I think there is something rubbed on which makes it taste as if smoked."

Smoked hams, if put up by an honest packer, is really smoked. There is some vile compound, containing creasote and carbolic acid, used by rascally packers instead of smoking, but we do not believe its use is at all extensive.

The Island of Ruatan.

J. Q., Washington, Ind.: The island of Ruatan is one of a group called the Bay Islands, in Honduras Bay. It now belongs to Honduras. The only importance it has is historical, as Great Britain seized the Bay Islands as in 1850. This act being in contravention of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, led to a long negotiation between the United States and the British governments, which led to the restoration of the Islands to Honduras in 1859.

Indiana in 1880.

J. A. M., Hanford, Cal.: At the Indiana state election, on October 12, 1880, the vote for governor was:

Porter, Rep.	231,405
Landers, Dem.	224,452
Gregg, Greenback	14,881

One month later, in November, Indiana gave Garfield 232,164, Hancock, 225,582, and Weaver (Greenback) 12,986.

The Present Cabinet.

Pupil, Eureka, Kas.: The present cabinet is: Secretary of State, John W. Foster; Treasury, Charles Foster; War, Stephen B. Elkins; Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy; Attorney General, W. H. H. Miller; Postmaster General, John Wanamaker; Secretary of Interior, John W. Noble; secretary of Agriculture, Jeremiah M. Rusk. See Rule 2, and observe it.

Miscellaneous.

H. C. I., Bloomington, Ill.: An old State Bank of Ohio bill, dated 1855, has no value except as a curiosity.

J. D. M., West Berkley, Cal.: We are sorry, but we can not find the notice of the book on mushroom culture.

C. D., Bayne City, Mich.: See answer headed "The Demand Notes of 1861," in Bureau of The Blade of October 6.

G. B. Mitchell, Mich.: We are not familiar with the modes of procedure under the Michigan laws. Consult a lawyer.

M. B. S., Baldwin, Wis.: The name "Houghton" is pronounced "How-tn"—the first syllable to rhyme with "cow."

J. H. E., North Robinson, O.: wants to know the thickness of the thickest vein of coal in the United States. Who can tell him?

J. W. M., Abingdon, Ill.: For the Republican campaign book, address "Republican National Committee, 518 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y."

W. L. S., Osage, Minn.: The evangelist, Sam Jones, is a white man. He has preached here in Toledo, and the writer has talked with him, and knows the fact.

M. B., Pushmataha, Miss.: No one knows where the negro race originated. It certainly is not descended from the Asiatics or Babyloulans, which were white races.

F. W. F., Miller City, O.: The Congressional Record for the last session will cost you $8. Address "Public Printer, Washington, D. C." The volumes for former Congresses can not be obtained.

S. O., Pushmataha, Miss., and J. S., Holden, Mo.: No one knows as yet when any of the reservations in Oklahoma (or the Cherokee Strip) will be opened. When they are, it will be by proclamation by the President.

J. B. V., Carthage, Mo.: Bills of the old Continental currency are worth only what some one will pay as a curiosity. This is never as much as their face value. Correspond with some dealer in old coins, etc., or advertise it.

C. F., Beemer, Neb.: Thanks for the clipping. The People's party is being organized as a Democratic side-show. See editorial article headed "The People's Party Catspaw," on 4th page of this issue of the Weekly Blade.

E. F. W., Escondido, Cal.: J. B. Crandll was born in Texas in 1857, educated for a physician, but was appointed superintendent of Baptist home missions in Texas; in 1890 was ordained for the ministry; is now editor of a Baptist paper in Texas.

G. W. R., East Toledo, O.: Red cotton tape is used in tying up legal documents. The phrase "red tape" is used in reference to matters of routine in law courts or in governmental departments, and with it is associated the idea of delay, because long legal proceedings are so tedious.

E. C. H., Quincy, Ill.: A person born in America is an American, no matter where his parents were born. The reason that there is so much criticism of foreign immigrants now is that the bulk of them are not of a class to make good citizens. Hungarians, Italians, Arabs and Russians are very poor material for American voters.

W. H. D., Montpelier, Ind.: The silver half dollar, quarter dollar and dime are legal tender in sums not exceeding $5. The nickel 5-cent piece, the 3-cent piece, and the cent are a legal tender for any amount not exceeding 25 cents in one payment. Postmasters are not compelled to receive larger payments of them than any one else.

D. S., Constantine, Mich.: When you send a manuscript of any kind to an editor, never roll it, but put it in an envelope large enough to contain it, inclose another envelope of the same size, addressed to yourself, and put on it postage stamps enough to pay full postage. In that case, if the editor don't wish to use it he will return it. Don't send us any serial stories. We have arrangements made already, covering next year. There is no fixed price for a story. As you are a beginner, if you receive $1 a column for it as it appears in the paper, you have been well paid. You can not sell it to but one periodical.

A Frank Child.

Little Kate, on being introduced to an elderly maiden aunt, whom she had never seen before, innocently exclaims: "Oh, auntie, how very ugly you are!"

Being reprimanded by her mother, who bids her apologize and say that she is sorry, the child turns to her aunt and says earnestly: "Oh, auntie, I beg your pardon and indeed I'm very sorry that you are awfully ugly."—European Exchange.

Excusable.

Chappie—Excuse me if I have been thoughtless.

Maud—Certainly; I'm not given to exacting impossibilities.—N. Y. Herald.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is Peculiar To Itself In Strength, Economy, And Curative Power 100 Doses One Dollar Be Sure To Get

No other medicine ever placed before the public has won the people's confidence so thoroughly as Hood's Sarsaparilla. From a small beginning this medicine has steadily and rapidly increased in popularity until now it has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Its success it has won simply because it is constantly proving that it possesses positive merit, and does accomplish what is claimed for it. This merit is given Hood's Sarsaparilla by the fact that it is prepared by a Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process known only to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by which the full medicinal power of all the ingredients used is retained. Thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country testify to wonderful benefit derived from it. If you suffer from any disease or affection caused by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our (RACE PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture. Photo, tintype or any picture of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT (your family group or any part of it) FREE OF CHARGE, to introduce it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any banker in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New Central Depot, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo we are unable to copy. Send stamp for re

Talmage's Sermon.

ACROSS AN UNKNOWN SEA.

A Sermon Appropriate to Columbus Day—Description of the Last Voyage Which All Must Take.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's discourse yesterday was occasioned by the Columbus observance now taking place. The subject was: "Half a planet," the text being Deuteronomy, iii. 27: "Lift up thine eyes westward."

So God said to Moses in Bible times, and so he said to Christoforo Columbus, the son of a wool-comber of Genoa, more than four hundred years ago. The nations had been looking chiefly towards the East. The sculpture of of the world, the architecture of the world, the laws of the world, the philosophy of the world, the religion of the world, came from the East. But while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes, and reading cosmography, God said to him, "Lift up thine eyes toward the West." The fact was, it must have seemed to Columbus a very lop-sided world. Like a cart with one wheel, like a scissors with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bride of a world with no bridegroom. When God makes a half of anything he does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things only half done.

But God never stops half way, because he has the time and power to go all the way. I do not wonder that Columbus was not satisfied with half a world, and so went to work to find the other half. The pieces of carved wood that were floated to the shores of Europe by a westerly gale, and two dead human faces, unlike anything he had seen before, likewise floated from the West, were to him the voice of God, saying, "Lift up thine eyes toward the West." But the world, then as now, had plenty of can't-be-dones. That is what keeps individuals back and enterprises back, and the church back, and nations back—ignominious and disgusting and disheartening can't-be-dones. Old navigators said to young Columbus, "It can't be done." The republic of Genoa said, "It can't be done." Alphonso V. said, "It can't be done." A committee on maritime affairs, to whom the subject was submitted, declared, "It can't be done." Venetians said, "It can't be done." But the father of Columbus's wife died, leaving his widow a large number of sea charts and maps, and as if to condemn the slur that different ages put upon mothers-in-law, the mother-in-law of Columbus gave him the navigator's materials, out of which he ciphered America.

After a while the story of this poor but ambitious Columbus reaches the ear of Queen Isabella, and she pays 80 dollars to buy him a decent suit of clothes, so that he may be fit to appear before royalty. The interview in the palace was successful. Money enough was borrowed to fit out the expedition. There they are, the three ships in the Gulf of Cadiz, Spain. If you ask me which have been the most famous boats of the world, I would say, first, Noah's ship, that wharfed on Mount Ararat; second, the boat of bulrushes in which Moses floated on the Nile; third, the Mayflower, that put out from Plymouth with the Pilgrim Fathers; and now these three vessels that on this, the Friday morning, August 3, 1492, that are rocking on the ripples. I am so glad it is Friday, so that the prows of the superstition that things begun or voyages started on Friday must necessarily prove disastrous.

Show me any Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday or Saturday that ever accomplished as much as this expedition that started on Friday. With the idea that there will be prayers connected with the expedition, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered. Do not forget that this voyage was begun under religious auspices. Three in Santa Maria, only 100 feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. The captain walking the deck is 57 years old, his hair white, for at 35 he was gray, and his face is round, his nose aquiline, and his stature a little above than the average. I know from his decided step and the set of his jaw that he is a determined man. That is Captain Christopher Columbus. Near by but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the Pinta and the Nina, about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson river or the Thames in good weather. There are two doctors in this fleet of ships, and a few landsmen, adventurers who are ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are enough provisions for a year. "Captain Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" I cannot say. "All aboard that are going," is heard, and those who wish to remain go to the land. Now the anchor of the three ships are being weighed and the sailors begin to rattle and the sails to unfurl. The wind is dead east and it does not take long to get out to sea. In a few hours the adventurers wish they had not started. The ships begin to roll and pitch, and there is such a dolitch feeling of landsmen! They begin to bother Captain Columbus with questions.

They want to know what he thinks of the weather. They want to know when he thinks he will probably see land. Every time when he stands taking observations of the sun with an astrolabe, they wonder what he sees and ask more questions. The crew are rather grouty. Some of them come on for four months and advance pay, and others were impressed into the service. For sixteen days the wind is dead east, and that pleases the captain, because it blows them further and further away from home, and the way from one land further on toward the shore of another country, if there is any. After awhile there comes a calm day, and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they cannot touch bottom though the line and lead run down 200 fathoms. More delightful sensations for those who are not good sailors! A fathom is six feet, and 200 fathoms, 1,200 feet, and below that it may be many hundred feet deeper. To add interest to the voyage, on the twentieth day out, a violent storm sweeps the sea, and the Atlantic ocean rises what it can do with the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina.

Some of you know something of what a sea can do with the Umbria, the Majestic, the Teutonic and the Germanic, and you must imagine what the ocean could do with those three small ships of olden time. You may judge what the ocean was then by what it is now; it has never changed its habits. It can smile like the morning, but often it is the archangel of wrath and its most rollicking fun is a shipwreck. The mutinous crew would have hoisted Columbus had it not been for the general opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety. The promise of a silk waistcoat and $40 in money to the man who should first discover land appeased them somewhat, but the blasphemation and blasphemy and threats of assassination must have been awful. Yet God sustained the great sailor commanding the Santa Maria. Every evening on shipboard they had prayers and sung a vesper hymn. But, after all the patience of those on board the ships had been exhausted, and the great captain and admiral had been cursed by every mutinous that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing.

On Friday morning, at 2 o'clock, just long enough after Thursday to make it sure that it was Friday and so give another blow at the world's idea of unlucky days—on Friday morning, October 12, 1492, a gun from the Pinta signaled "Land ahead." The ships lay to, and the boats were lowered, and Captain Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shores of this land of liberty, and in the air a surge of redolence, and took possession in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. So the voyage that began with the sacrament ended with Gloria in Excelsis Deo. From that day onward, you say there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces, and world-wide applause. No, no! On his way back to Spain, the ship was so wrenched by the tempest and so threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask and threw it overboard, that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures.

Honors awaited him on the beach, but he undertook a second voyage, and with it came all maligning and persecution and denunciation and poverty. He was called a land grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculators robbed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him ruined health and imprisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them on his wrists: "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout, he groaned out his last words: "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum:" Into thy hands, Oh, Lord, I commend my spirit."

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which, for the next twelve months, we will be commemorating by sermon and song and military parade and World's Fair and Congress of Nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is, that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of the prophecies and by what Zechariah and Micah and Isaiah and Daniel had said about the "ends of the earth," was persuaded to go out and find the "ends of the earth," and he felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then, the administrator of the last supper before they left the Gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devout ascription as soon as they saw the new world, and the doxologies with which they landed, confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery. Atheism has no right here; infidelity has no right here; vagabondism has no right here. And as God is not apt to fail in any of his undertakings (at any rate I have never heard of his having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be peopled, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York Harbor, and from the top of North America to the foot of South America, from Behring Straits to Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanuel's Land.

All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have cursed the other parts of world will land here—yea, they have already landed here—but they will wrangle for the possession if this hemisphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost established. But God will not forget the prophecies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth seeing the salvation of God," nor the Christian anthem which Columbus led on the morning of October, 1492. In the coast of San Salvador. Like that flock of land birds which met the Santa Maria and the Pinta and the Nina far out at sea, indicating to the commanders of that fleet that they were approaching some country, so a whole fleet of promises and hopes, golden-winged and songful, this morning alight around us, assuring us that we are approaching the glorious period of the millennial evangelization. A divine influence will yet sweep the continent that will make iniquity drop like slaked lime, and make the most blatant infidelity declare it was only joking when it said the Bible was not true, and the worst atheism announce that it always did believe in the God of Nations. Let others call for Requiem and Dead March, I call for George Frederick Handel's Hallelujah chorus.

There has been much talk of late about communication with other worlds. Mars has come so near we can see its canals, and it has been hoped that by signals after a while man may communicate with other stars. Ah, that will not be possible until our world has been reformed and evangelized. It would not do for our world in its lost and ruined state to have communication with other worlds. It would spoil their morals. But wait until this world is fully redeemed, as it will be, and then perhaps interstellar correspondence may be opened. Till then, this smitten and wicked earth must be quarantined from coming too near the unfallen worlds. But, thank God, the prophecies which cheered Columbus in his great undertaking cheer us. America for God! Yea, the round world for God! There can be no doubt about it!

And, now, while I am thinking of this illustrious ship captain of Genoa, let me speak for the humble ship carpenter. The ships captains now in port, or many of them this moment on the sea, the lives of tens of thousands of passengers in their keeping. What an awful responsibility is theirs! They go out through the Narrows, or start from Queenstown or Southampton, or Glasgow; not knowing what cyclone, of collisions, or midnight perils are waiting for them. It requires bravery to face an army of Atlantic surges, led on by hurricanes. A more stupendous scene is not to be witnessed than that of a ship captain walking the bridge of a steamer in the midst of a cyclone. Remember those heroes in your prayers, and when worn out by the voyage and they have to command inferior craft or return to the land and go out of service, do them full honor for what they once were. Let the ship company that for a few years has been worthy of what they endured until they start on their last voyage from this world to the next. Aye, that voyage we must all take, landsmen as well as seafarers.

Let us be sure that we have the right pilot and the right chart, and the right captain, and that we start in the right direction. It will be to each of us who love the Lord, a voyage more wonderful for discovery than that which Columbus took, for, after all we have heard about that other world, we know not where it is or how it looks, and it will be as new as San Salvador was to the glorious captain of the Santa Maria. An eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." May the light from that golden beach flash on the darkness, and we be able to step ashore amid groves and orchards and aromas such as this world's atmosphere never ripened or breathed. Aye, fellow mariners, over the rough sea of this life, through the fogs and mists of earth, see you not already the outline of the better country? Land ahead! Land ahead! Nearer and nearer we come to the heavenly wharfage. Throw out the planks and step ashore into the arms of your kindred, who have been waiting and watching for the hour of your disembarkation. Through the rich grace of Christ, our Lord, may we all have such blissful arrival!

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

HIT THE WRONG NAIL.

With a handful of hammer, a mouthful of tacks,
Far up on the ladder she stood;
While the servant agape watched her motions with dread
As she hammered away at some wood.

She struck at a nail—but—with grief I am dumb—
The nail that she hit was the nail of her thumb—
A shriek and a leap—a hysterical call—
Then silence and witch-hazel reigned over all!

—Baltimore American.

Do you want a chance to make $500? If so, read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

Unanswered.

"Mama, if a child should be born on the ocean, to what nation would it belong?"

"Why, to the nation to which his father and mother belonged, of course."

"Well, I know. But suppose his father and mother were not with him. Supposing he was traveling with his aunt?"—Life.

Meant Business.

"So," said her father, "you desire my consent to my daughter's engagement to you?"

"No," replied Algernon, who spent the summer at the seashore, "we don't want to be engaged. We want to get married."—Washington Star.

All Explained.

Head of firm—How is it, Mr. Grip, that on this trip your expenses are so much less than on the one before, and yet you had a much longer route?

Mr. Grip—On my last trip, sir, I stopped over night at a summer resort hotel.—Cloak Review.

Men's Failings.

"Men is mighty skittish critters," observed old Mrs. Thirdwed. "Either they air so cross that there is no a-bearen' 'em around the house or so good-natured that you dassent trust 'em out o' your sight."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Future Diplomat.

Mrs. Backbay—"Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother just now, Harold?"

Harold—"Yes, mother, but really you wouldn't want me to use low language, would you?"—Boston Budget.

The Spot the Words Come From.

When a pretty girl gets saucy,
And words in a torrent hot
She pours on your head devoted,
Why, just kiss her on the spot.

MERCURIAL RHEUMATISM

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Arkansas says of S.S.S.:

"About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and began using S. S. S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume work. S.S.S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE

After Her Husband HAD SPENT ALL HE WAS WORTH.

GADSDEN, ALA., Dec. 21, 1890.

DR. MARCHISI. Dear Sir: One year ago I was near my grave with nervous debility, caused by Ulcer of the Womb. My husband spent all he was worth and all he could get for doctors' bills, and I continued to weaken until my physician told me I could not live sixty days. A friend persuaded me to try Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. I have taken three bottles and am now as stout as ever and perfectly well. Mrs. AMELIA H. BOX.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon and Cleansing Wash cures all Female Complaints no matter how long standing. For sale by all Druggists. I send FREE two bottles and thus prove it does do what I claim for it. Dr. J. B. Marchisi, 35 Genesee St. Utica, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

On Arlington Heights.

The latest bit from the pen of Mr. Walter Kittridge, author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," is the following poem, entitled "Arlington Heights:"

The old camp ground is silent now,
All hushed the martial tread;
The night winds can not soothe the brow,
They slumber with the dead.
"Tenting To-night" they will not sing;
Ah, boys, the camps are still;
The battle's and the cannon's ring
Is silent on the hill.

The slumbering dead lie sleeping,
Their camp fire has gone out;
Those lonely trees are weeping,
Those boys have left the rout.
Those little headstones there
Tell such a mournful tale,
Even the women fair
Join in the mournful wail.

Sleep on, my comrades, glory
Shall mark your lonely rest;
To tell the sad, sad story
The bird shall leave its nest.
The little singers warble
Above the lonely grave
To tell of war and trouble,
Of boys so true and brave.

You will not march again:
God bless your rest to-night.
Your suffering and pain
Have clothed your soul in white.
The battle call is ended,
The bugle notes are still.
Your country is defended,
'Tis silent on the hill.

The Second Day at Shiloh.

Editor Camp Fire:—I shall not attempt to tell just how I put in the whole time on the second day of the battle, but will give a few incidents.

The first thing in the morning was to hunt up Col. Woodyard, and we collected together as many men as we could find of the 21st Mo.—one hundred and fifty-six in all. At that time I drew and issued rations to that number of men. Learning of Col. Woodyard that they would be held in reserve that day, I asked and obtained leave to go out alone and see the battle begin.

ATHENS, Clark Co., Mo.

This is to certify that on the second day of the battle of Shiloh, our commissary sergeant, A. N. Harlan, after having issued rations to all of the 21st Mo. Inft. Vols., asked permission of Col. Woodyard to let him go out and see the fight begin; and that he went out and took a very active part. This I saw with my own eyes.—Sergeant Edwin Smith, Co. C, 21st Mo. Inft. Vet. Vol.

I went out in advance of all the Union forces, and when near a half mile from the landing, came onto quite a number of rebs that seemed to have been killed by a shell. There were two scores of rebels visible which I appropriated. I never, however, put my hand in a dead man's pocket. While yet alone I viewed a portion of the battle ground, and had got almost to where I got the ammunition the day before, when suddenly six shots from a rebel picket post were aimed at my pony. I saw many dead of both armies, and after a time I came to two wounded men, each with a leg broken. One of them wore the butternut, the other wore the blue.

They were hugging each other closely to keep warmth and life in their bodies. I would have gone more to the right, but the rebel picket were then in sight, so I kept on the main road that I had opened a few days before. In passing an old house I looked in. There were five men lying peacefully together on the floor. Three of them wore the butternut, two wore the blue. They seemed friendly, and all of them said that they had felt enough of the war. However, I kept on down a ravine, which had become a considerable brook from the previous night's rain. Here the dead and wounded were numerous. This was rather in the rear of those batteries, and where Hulbert's division fought the first day.

Many of the wounded could not reach water, though there was plenty within a few feet of them. Just at that time there came a rift in the clouds, and the sun shone out gloriously for a little time. Along that brook there were many bushes or shrubs, then in full bloom (possibly the rhododendron). The dead had drifted against those bushes, while the sun shone brightly overhead. I cannot portray my feelings as I viewed the scene. Up to that time I had not seen a single dead negro, the dead and wounded often close of kin. Sometimes they were own brothers, the one wearing the gray and the other the blue. The wounded, as they lay there helpless and chilled from the cold night's rain, begged earnestly to be taken to the landing where they hoped to get their wounds dressed.

Our army was moving out slowly, and no wonder after lying in line in such a storm; and many of the men were then hungry. The rebs had fared rather better; they had our camps to occupy that night. They seemed slow in beginning the fight, and I hurried back to the landing, and obtained two of our teamsters, Ephraim Jones and Jefferson Flesher, with their teams, and went out more than two miles and commenced loading in the wounded of the previous day. The wagons were almost loaded when the shots and shells came crashing all around and over us. When we had loaded both teams and started, I looked around for my pony I had hitched but a few minutes before. She was gone. At some little distance was a squad of officers. I thought I saw my pony among them, and I started after her. A good-looking man had hold of the halter, and when I claimed her he gave me the halter, saying he would advise me never to hitch a horse in so dangerous a place.

I replied that the rebels were not shooting there when I hitched my pony. The gentleman seemed like a kind-hearted man, and must have been a staff officer in Buell's army. Nelson's division. The movements of the troops were slow and cautious. One regiment was taking position in quite open timber, but near a dense woods, full of rebels, and in full view of some rebel batteries across that field. I rode up there just to see how it was done. The rebels, from their hiding places in that dense woods, opened a lively fire, and a rebel battery and some sharpshooters from across that field also directed their guns at this one regiment. The colonel was mounted. He sought a position partly sheltered from the batteries by two trees, and I took a position where the colonel and his horse would shelter me. In a little while a cannon ball took a large slab off from the nearest tree, the lower end of the slab coming off within three feet of the colonel's head. It did not seem to alarm him, and I called out loudly: Colonel, I would like to learn your name." His reply was: "Moody, of the 9th Indiana." I wanted to get away from there, and suggested to the colonel that if there was a regiment just to his left, to give those rebs behind the trees in the woods an enfilade or flank fire, we could get them out of their hiding places. He approved the suggestion, but said that he did not know where to get the men. I told him there was a whole brigade just back in the broken ground. He said: "Go and get them if possible." I then left, and stated the case to the commanding officer. One regiment was sent. I went with them and saw them take their positions. I have never known why one single regiment (the 9th Indiana) was put in that position to endure the brunt of the battle alone.

The major of the 9th Indiana was a brave man. During the hottest of the rebel firing he exclaimed, "Ain't this glorious!" The next time I saw or heard from Colonel Moody, he raised up in the stirrups and exclaimed, "Give 'em hell, boys!" I was a little afraid that my pony might get hurt, so I rode down that ravine to the east, past General Nelson, and there hitched my pony in a good place. Then I went with some sharp-shooters to get a brass cannon that they had compelled the rebs to abandon; and in getting it back to a safe place I got my feet hurt and had again to take to the saddle. I then made a pretty general reconnoisance of the woods to the east of that open field, and saw some poles piled up after the manner in which rebels were used to cover graves. I also saw many dead rebs. By this time the fighting had become general on a long line; at least the artillery were having a splendid practice, but there was not that continual roll of musketry as on the first day.

I saw General Nelson make the charge across that open field. I did not notice any dead left on the field; the rebs just left their dilapidated batteries and followed their retreating army.

I was with the skirmish line and soon reached our old encampments. The dead were numerous, but I gave my entire attention to carrying water to the wounded. I made no distinction, other than if two lay near together, I invariably handed the cup to the one that wore the blue first, then to the one that wore the butternut.

It should be remembered that as yet but few of the rebels wore the gray. I gave a cup of water to a rebel captain. He offered to me his sword. I refused to take it. He then inquired my name and postoffice address, and made a pencil memorandum. I returned the compliment, but afterwards lost the memorandum. His name I have forgotten, but the address was Linden, Marengo county, Ala. I was busy, but after a short time, on looking about, I discovered Isaac Johnson, late of Canton, Mo., and John Williams, of Co. K, 21st Mo. Inft., engaged in the same charitable occupation. I then went to the landing and reported the true condition of affairs in that locality, and procured two of our army wagons, with Ephraim Jones and Jefferson Flesher again.

We spent the afternoon together, carrying water to the wounded and in loading the wounded into rough army wagons.

Life in the army was not all dress parade.

A little distance from the thickest portion of the wounded there was a man of the 16th Wis., who had been seriously wounded on the morning of the first day. He could not be moved, and a rebel soldier had put his coat under his head and raised it onto the root of an oak tree. In the afternoon a cannon ball from one of our Parrott guns had almost buried itself in the tree within a foot of his head as he lay there.

At night, after the second day's battle, the rain poured incessantly and continued to pour almost night and day for nearly two weeks. Gen. Halleck had taken command, and after many seemingly useless delays, he moved on to Corinth, Miss. It took nearly three weeks to go twenty miles. When we had made our last encampment the rebel breastworks were in sight from some places. Then there was much confusion amongst the railroads in Corinth, and the whole army believed the place was being evacuated. I waited until near noon, then went to the picket line and asked permission to pass. The sergeant of the day's orders were to shoot any person that made the attempt. I begged hard and finally mounted my pony and rode to near the rebel breastworks; then hitched her in a good place, and went on foot and alone over their works; then to the northwest within their works for near one mile, and found them abandoned. I returned and reported to Col. Woodyard, and then reported to Gen. McArthur, our brigade commander. He had my report carefully written out, and an orderly ready mounted to carry the report to Gen. Halleck, with the information that they had made a reconnoisance in force and found the rebel works abandoned. Of course the Union army then entered the magnificent village of Corinth. On the morning of the next day I reconnoitered the country some distance south and discovered where the rebel slaughter yards had been. There was a goodly number of beef hides remaining, and I so reported the same when I met the army next morning. I was instructed by Edwin Moore, now of Canton, Mo., to take our regimental teams and get all those hides (180 in all). I hauled them to Pittsburg Landing and turned them over to the quartermaster's department. This was the only capture of property that was made at the evacuation of Corinth, Miss.—A. W. Harlan.

Comrade Harlan's letter was published on June 30, but it became necessary, in order to fill order for copies containing it, to reprint it.—Editor Camp Fire.

Thirty Years Ago.

Editor Camp Fire:—Just 30 years ago this morning, October 3, 1862, I was in the full bloom of life, ready to engage in anything that promised a fight, frolic, forage or a foot-race. We, that is, Crocker's brigade, did not have long to wait to gratify our most sanguinary proclivities, which, it was said, we possessed to a fearful extent, though in reality we were but a lot of simple farmer boys. I do not think that the possibility of getting threshed ever occurred to any of us. We were like Taylor in Mexico—did not know when we were whipped. The Johnnies having driven in our outpost, from Shewalla to Corinth, marched in after them, with the pride and delight of a young rooster after his first victorious fight, with Price and Van Horn bringing up the rear. Price thought he had us bagged, there being but 6,000 of us, while he commanded 36,000. His dispatch to the rebel secretary of war to that effect, which we afterwards found in the Memphis Appeal, was more than ridiculous in view of his slow movements; but had Price possessed the vigor and push of Little Phil Sheridan or Fighting Joe Hooker, he could have certainly taken Corinth the first day of the fight.

Well, the ball opened on the morning of October 3, 1862, our brigade of five regiments on the left. The fighting was heavy, but Johnny did not advance, and we dare not, he being six to one. Why Price did not advance I never knew, and can only attribute it to the rebel boast of whipping the Yanks one to six. Here he was, six to one, and naturally supposed that in this close proximity and under cover of night, old Rosy would skedaddle, thereby saving the further effusion of the blood of chivalry. Night came at last, and no commander could wish for a night more ardently than did Rosecrans on that eventful day. With it came 18,000 of our boys from Rienzi, and a few thousand more from Memphis and other stations along the railroad. The ball opened on the morning of the 4th, and the knowledge that 6,000 had held the rebs at bay the first day gave life and ardor to those who commenced the fight on the 2d; and gallantly they did the work, for by 2 o'clock there was not an armed Johnny on the field. But Croker's brigade was fearfully decimated, and that wild regiment, the 16th Iowa, was in a terrible fix—tame as pet mice, what was left of them. But the resolution to be avenged was stronger than ever, and well they filled the bill. The writer hereof was not in the second day's fight, being excused and granted a term in the repair shop, one of Price's men having sent a shot into his jaw-bone escaped being knocked into smithereens that day is another matter that I cannot explain, but it wasn't, and is as good as the day I was born, and somewhat like, as it was that day, there ain't a tooth in it, and its mate is the same.—Private Fitzgerald, 15th Iowa.

A Day at Corinth.

Editor Camp Fire:—After passing the extreme outposts, during the siege of Corinth, we met the enemy in force. At this time we were well mounted, but very poorly armed. In addition to our sabers, all but one man were armed with the Remington revolver. They were about as effective in a fight as a toy pistol. The other man was armed with a horse pistol that looked as though it had gone through two wars. It was early in the morning, and as we had not eaten our breakfasts yet, the captain ordered a halt, telling us to feed our horses. We had removed the bridles and adjusted the nose bags containing each a small quantity of oats. Some of the boys had commenced eating their salt pork and hard tack. We had in the meantime thrown out two advance pickets, who came dashing in followed by rebel bullets spitefully hissing all around us.

I have never been able to exactly comprehend how it was done, but in a remarkably short time we were in line. Our captain, Thomas H. Botham, had been an old British soldier, and had any amount of sand, and was spoiling for a fight. He marched us across the road into an open field, then down to the woods a short distance beyond us. When we reached the woods some of the boys dismounted to let down the fence. Then he ordered the charge. We met a storm of lead from the enemy's guns. It seemed to me like a forlorn hope. After emptying the contents of our revolvers, the order was given to draw our sabers. We were under such headway that the captain and some of the men went clear through the first and second lines. Although we gave the enemy a lively idea of what Michigan cavalry was composed of, yet at the same time we very soon discovered we could not paralyze several thousand men, with good staying qualities. We had 36 men. It did not take the captain long to comprehend our situation, and he at once gave the order to retreat. Just then I noticed a comrade's horse, which had been converted into a strainer. Seventeen shots had entered his body, as we afterwards discovered. Blood was spirting from every wound. As he sank to the ground, a horse came charging along, his rider, a Confederate lieutenant, having been shot from the saddle. He sprang upon his back and escaped. The Johnnies followed us for about two miles, then gave up the chase. Immediately the roll was called, and we found we had lost but two men. The captain straightened up, and said: "Boys, they made it hot for us, but we can whip the devils if they give us half a chance!"—J. B. Stouffer, 1st Sergt. Co. L, 3d Mich. V. V. Cav.

Why Is It?

Editor Camp Fire:—An old comrade approached me, down here in Texas, and asked this question: "Why is it that the Democrats nominate men for the Presidency without any war record?" This is a question that every veteran, and also their descendants, should consider. I entered the army April 18, 1861, on the first call for 75,000 volunteers and stayed there until the last shot was fired at Nashville, Tenn., and yet two men, who were drafted, stayed behind to stab us in the back, furnished substitutes, are put up for the highest offices in the gift of the people. And the worst is, to know that some few of the veterans, because they are Democrats, will vote for them. There are plenty of men, even in the Southern states, with better records than either of these. Men who stood in the thickest of the fight for the South would be more honor to vote for than either Cleveland or Stevenson. I like the tone of Comrade Wolson, 40th Ind. V. V. S. We were brigaded together, let us all hang together and cast our lot with Ben.—Jno. M. Comgaret, late lieutenant colonel of 15th Ind.

Is This True?

Editor Camp Fire:—At a reunion of the 123d N. Y. volunteers at Salem, Washington county, N. Y., September 2, Judge Josepa Potter made an address in which he said that the last rebel killed in the war was shot by the 123d, and that the last Union soldier to lay down his life through a bullet from the rebels belonged to the 123d. Are these two facts correct? If so, they are of great historic value. Can not some comrade of the 123d get Judge Potter to write to the Camp Fire and relate the two events, giving time and place?—Veteran.

A Query.

Editor Camp Fire:—In what brigade, division and corps was the 157th regiment, Ohio infantry, and who were the brigade, division and corps commanders? Was the above regiment in the Army of the Potomac or Army of the James, and who commanded that army? The above regiment was commanded by Col. George W. McCook.—Soldier, Barnesville, O.

Show Up, Comrades!

Editor Camp Fire:—It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the 72d O. V. V. I., and I do so wish some of them would attend the Camp Fire. Wake up, company E, and let us see how many of us can answer roll call.—Charles F. McGuernsey, Co. E, 72d O. V. V. I.

Correction.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am the author of the letter that was printed in the Camp Fire of the Weekly Blade of September 22, under the heading "The Day at Fredericksburg," and not Wm. Evins.—J. W. Barr, Co. G., 134th Pa. Vols.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

WANTED—Postoffice address of James M. Reynolds; when last heard from he lived near Lincoln, Neb.—W. C. Fitts, Madison, Lake Co., South Dakota.

FOR HEADACHE

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. I. R. SANFORD, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent in derangements of the nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."

The Sunday School.

Peter at Cesarea.

Golden Text—Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10:43.

LESSON IV., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23. (Acts 10:30-48.)

30. And Cornelius said, four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing.

31. And said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God.

32. Send therefore to Joppa, and call hither Simon, whose surname is Peter; he is lodged in the house of one Simon, a tanner, by the seaside; who, when he cometh, shall speak unto thee.

33. Immediately therefore I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.

34. Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, of a truth I perceive God is no respecter of persons.

35. But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

36. The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: (He is Lord of all:)

37. That word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea, and began from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached.

38. How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him.

39. And we are witnesses of all things which he did both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree.

40. Him God raised up the third day, and shewed him openly.

41. Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead.

42. And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead.

43. To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

44. While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

45. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.

46. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God. Then answered Peter,

47. Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?

48. And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord. Then prayed they him to tarry certain days.

Illustrative Applications.

A man stood before me in bright apparel, and saith, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God (v. 30, 31). Prayers and alms go together as evidence of a right spirit. Prayer to God—right-minded prayer—indicates a loving faith in God. Almsgiving is an inevitable fruit of loving faith in God. Prayers and alms are an exhibit of faith and works; of a faith that is not dead, and therefore bears fruit in works. Praying without almsgiving indicates no living faith. Almsgiving without prayer indicates no faith at all. He who tells God that he loves Him, and trusts Him, and depends on Him, and lives for Him, while he refrains from using the means which God has put into his hands for the furtherance of God's cause and the supply of God's needy ones, shows to both God and his fellows that his words are—only words. He, on the other hand, who bestows all his goods to feed the poor, or to build hospitals and churches, while he never goes to God to tell Him of his love, or to ask His forgiveness and blessing, shows that he lacks that loving faith in God which seeks and finds communion with God. Prayers and alms must be found together, or neither of them will be to the real honor of God, or to the highest credit of man.

Send therefore and call unto thee Simon (v. 32). An angel from God can not do a Christian preacher's work, in teaching a needy soul the way of life. However difficult God might have planned in this, this is clearly the way. He has planned. A saved sinner has a part in furthering the news and the proffer of salvation to those who need to be saved. Even where God interposes by a special miracle for the rescue of a soul, He calls on some Christian worker to have a share in the glorious undertaking. Philip must go and talk with the Ethiopian, Ananias with Saul, Peter with Cornelius. What an honoring of His redeemed children is this method of God in His plan of salvation! What a privilege to any one of us is it to be called in for service like this! And since this is God's way of working, how weighty a responsibility rests on every Christian who is summoned to speak for God to a fellow sinner!

Thou hast well done that thou art come (v. 33). It is well for any man to heed a call from God, through whomsoever the message comes. It is well for him, whatever may be involved to others. God could do without him, but he cannot do without God. Even if the work to which he is summoned could get on well enough without his share in it, he cannot get on well enough without a share in that work. This is a thought to have in mind, when you are asked to take charge of a Sunday school class, or to go and say a word to some needy soul, or to join in any particular Christian activity. If the call is from God, you will do well to act in accordance with it, however your preferences or fears might incline you.

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons (v. 34). And that is a good deal of a truth to perceive. There are a great many Christians who do not perceive it to-day. They can understand that God is no respecter of Jews above Gentiles—such Gentiles as we are. But it is not quite clear to them that God does not, somehow, have more regard for a native-born, white, American citizen—especially one of "good family," and of education and culture, and one "well to do in the world,"—than He can have for a poor and illiterate negro, or a painted wild Indian, or a yellow-faced Chinaman; or even for one of the lower sort of white foreigners. At all events, if God is really no respecter of such distinctions as these no respecter of such distinctions as these but actually looks at each individual in any and every nation of earth solely in the light of his character and spirit—why, there's where most of us differ from God as to the true standard of judgment!

Peace by Jesus Christ (v. 36). There is no other true peace than just that. Prayer and almsgiving on the part of one who is not a trusting disciple of Jesus may show a man's longing for peace; but they will never, in and of themselves, give him peace. Only as a sinner finds a Savior of sinners in whom can rest himself for salvation, can he have spiritual rest. Whatever is one's nationality, or training, or beliefs, or possessions, or conduct, or spirit, or character, he cannot have peace unless he has a Savior; and Jesus Christ is the only Savior in the universe: "Neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." Peace by Jesus Christ is the only peace possible to us or to those whom we are enabled by any means to reach.

Through his name every one that believeth on him shall receive remission of sins (v. 43). There are the terms of salvation in all their scope and with all their limitations. The proffer is to all who hear it. The assurance is to all who accept it. It's just that broad. It's just that narrow. Any sinner who comes as a sinner, and trusts himself to the Savior as his Savior, shall receive remission of sins; he, and only he. It was John Berridge who thanked God for that little word "whosoever" in the gospel invitations and promises

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Mail Matter.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK. **120,000.**

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

OUR MARVELLOUS OFFER.

We lay before our readers, on the fifth page of this issue, the best offer, in connection with their subscriptions, ever offered by any newspaper in the world. A careful reading of the advertisement will pay you. It will be noticed that every subscriber has two opportunities:

First—He may have the Weekly Blade for two years for $1. We say "may have," but practically this means "will have," because what subscriber to the Weekly Blade cannot guess who will be the next President?

Second—He has opportunity of competing for one among over two hundred premiums, amounting to over $4,000. Every subscriber has a chance of obtaining one of them.

This plan has been carefully worked out, and we are prepared to receive over 250,000 orders during the next six weeks. We confidently expect more than 100,000 of our regular subscribers to renew on this basis at once; and just how many new subscribers will take advantage of this plan, depends upon how well our readers will circulate this announcement to their neighbors and friends.

To avoid confusion, and to facilitate the work in the counting-room, we suggest the following:

Notice there will be seven coupons published, one week apart, each week being numbered. This week's coupon is No. 4. We ask every subscriber who has not sent in his renewal, to do so at once upon Coupon No. 4, no matter when your subscription expires. It will be advanced one year from date of expiration. We wish to enter all renewals at once.

Furthermore, we ask every subscriber to see that all other coupons that you have and will receive, are used by some one of your neighbors. And please see that every coupon you receive is used by some one.

Bear in mind that if we receive over 250,000 subscribers on this plan, you have more chances to obtain one of the premiums than if we receive but 100,000. If each subscriber will make sure that three coupons are used besides the one he uses himself, it will make our plan a complete success—as it deserves and as we want it to be.

We will also send sample copies, single or a number, containing this coupon to anybody who wants them. Please see that sample copies are distributed in your neighborhood.

One thing more: We want our subscribers to urge upon their Democratic neighbors to send in their guesses upon these coupons. Suggest to them that if they are so confident that Mr. Cleveland will be the next President, that here is a chance to get a good newspaper two years for a dollar. We want every guess to be the honest conviction of the subscriber, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we should have guesses from the other side—presuming, of course, the sentiments of our present readers to be largely one way.

The Democratic parade over the fact that Wayne MacVeagh will vote for Cleveland is intended to make it appear that he has just left the Republican party. This is not true. He has been a mugwump for a long time. The chronology of his politics is as follows:

Has not voted the Republican ticket for ten years.
Mugwump member of Garfield's cabinet in 1881.
Supported John Stewart, Democrat, for governor of Pennsylvania, in 1882.
Refused to support Blaine in 1884.
Did not vote at all, so far as known, in 1886.
Supported Cleveland in 1888.
Supported Partison, Democrat, in 1890.
Was still a Democrat October 10, 1892, but election is yet four weeks off, and there is no telling what he will do in that time.

The straight-out Democrats of Kansas refuse to fuse with the People's party. They held a convention at Topeka, of 300 delegates, and adopted resolutions censuring fusion, and declaring it infamous to make a surrender to the People's party a test of Democracy; that helping to elect a legislature that will drive capital from the state is not a Democratic duty; and that the success of the so-called People's party in Kansas means destruction to the business interests of the state.

Gresham's allegation that he left the Republican party because of its position on the tariff opens up a nice question. In 1888 Gresham was laboring to secure the Republican Presidential nomination. The position of the party on the tariff was the same in 1888 that it is now. Was Gresham willing to smother his convictions to obtain a Presidential nomination?

The Democratic national committee tried to suppress a geologist's report on a rich deposit of tin ore in Mexico until after election. Partisan foolishness could not much further go.

There never was a political organization so magniloquent in claiming everything as the People's party, with so meager a show of actual votes as a basis.

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The situation in Great Britain as regards the temperance question much resembles that in the United States. The masses of the people are either in favor of the liquor traffic, because they are themselves drinkers, or they are indifferent on the subject. Public opinion has not yet been educated up to the point of recognizing its evils. But there, as here, there is a class of temperance people who are over-zealous in their methods, which are impracticable in the present state of British opinion; they bitterly oppose any remodeling of the liquor laws, and demand the utter extinction of the traffic—which is entirely impossible of realization at present in that country, as, with a population much smaller than ours, it spends over $700,000,000 per year for intoxicants. Meanwhile, the traffic increases in volume yearly, and its opponents are preparing to discuss methods of dealing with it at the approaching session of Parliament, instead of bending their energies upon the education of the people.

The problem is even a more difficult one with our English cousins than with us, for the government derives a revenue from this traffic of over $150,000,000 a year. No plan has any chance of adoption which interferes with this revenue, for there is absolutely no means whereby this sum can be otherwise raised, except by direct taxation, and no English statesman dares propose an increase of this. There are at present, in England and Wales, 126,000 places where intoxicating drinks are sold, or one to every 230 of the population. With, us the matter is one for the states to deal with individually—the Supreme court of the United States having so ruled, it will be remembered, in the California cases; and it would be comparatively easy for any state to provide means for raising any revenue now derived from liquor, in some other way.

The liquor question entered largely into the late parliamentary elections, in this wise: The "United Kingdom Alliance," a temperance organization, has for several years been actively waging the adoption of what is there called the "direct veto system," which is practically what we know as local option. All public-houses and other drinking places would be closed if a majority of the votors demanded it, and no provision for compensation to their keepers was another feature of the Alliance's programme. This roused the "vested interests" of the liquor traffic, and in the recent parliamentary struggle quite a number of Liberal candidates were defeated through the saloon influence. So strongly did the Rum Power make itself felt that the Liberal leaders are seeking some less radical plan of action.

The following scheme has been made public through one of the Liberal semi-official organs, and it is being actively discussed by the English press at the present time:

Existing saloon licenses to be confirmed for three years, but in order to lessen the number within that period provision to be made for the surrender of licenses on a payment equivalent to one year's profit. Some might be authorized for that purpose. At the end of three years all licenses should expire. The local authorities, the town, village, or county council, should then fix the number of licenses to be issued—in no case to exceed the proportion of one license for each 1,000 inhabitants. Those licenses, which are to run five years, should be offered at public auction to the highest responsible and reputable bidder. Any profits to be derived from this plan should be applied for the compensation of those who surrendered their licenses during the three-year period. All licensed houses to be subject to the closest police supervision and subject to the regulation of the local authorities, the infraction of a license-holder to be followed, according to the gravity of the offense, by a forfeiture or by the indorsement of the offense on the back of the license, to be followed by forfeiture in the event of repetition.

Whatever be the plan adopted, it will fail to check the evils of the drink habit. There is but one final mode of dealing with the traffic and that is its extinction. All that stringent license or regulatory laws can do is to curb it somewhat. But a prohibitory law would not and could not be enforced in England, in the state of public opinion. The work to be done, then, is to bring to the attention of the masses the truth about Rum, and the unnumbered woes, physical, moral and political, which result from the drink habit. Until a large majority of the people waken to a realization of these, and are determined that they shall be cured, it is idle to attempt to enforce prohibition, or to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"The people of the United States have justly supposed that the policy of protecting their industry against foreign legislation and foreign industry was fully settled, not by a single act, but by repeated and deliberate acts of government, performed at distant and frequent intervals. In full confidence that the policy was firmly and unchangeably fixed, thousands upon thousands have invested their capital, purchased a vast amount of real and other estate, made permanent establishments, and accommodated their industry. Can we expose to utter and irretrievable ruin this countless multitude without justly incurring the reproach of violating the national faith?"—Henry Clay.

The London Times puts the broad arrow of British approval upon Cleveland's letter when it declares that the Democratic tariff "for revenue only" is "not to be distinguished from free trade in the practical form in which we are familiar with it." But that journal knocks Cleveland's platitude about "impossible free trade" galley west when it adds that no other readjustment is practicable under the Chicago platform than "that which would naturally follow the removal of all imposts tending to bolster up particular branches of industry and commerce."

The report of the Utah commission, which recites that the Mormons have not abandoned polygamy, but still practice it, ignoring President Woodruff's proclamation which advised them to give it up, will prevent any steps being taken for the admission of Utah as a state. Once admitted, there is no power that could constitutionally interfere with polygamy so long as the people of Utah chose to continue it; and the people of the United States will not favor the admission of that territory until that barbarous institution is wiped out entirely.

The Democratic millionaires are begging five-cent contributions from Democratic voters instead of putting their hands into their own pockets for funds. Cleveland might contribute that $100,000 he made out of his Red Top real estate speculation at Washington City.

The position of the British free traders is this: they believe all the world is wrong on fiscal questions but themselves. There are individuals confined in certain institutions who believe that the outside world is mad, and they themselves alone sane.

The People's party is claiming as big a majority in Kansas as they claimed in Georgia. The falsity of its claims in the latter state render it certain that its Kansas claim is equally unreliable.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

The Success It Has Had—Preparing to Fill All Orders—The Guarantee We Give.

The New Blade Sewing Machine has now been long enough before the public to demonstrate that it is a complete success. Hundreds of them have been in use for months, and the testimony of purchasers is that it is as good a machine, in every respect, as those which retail, all over the country at from $45 to $60. That is to say, it not only does as good work, as perfect, and covering as great a range of goods, from leather or the heaviest cloth to the finest cambric in thickness; but it is as well made, of as good materials, as finely finished, and in any and every respect the equal of the highest-priced machines. Of course, it is far superior to the cheaper machines.

As to price, other newspapers sell you a cheap machine, not one-half so good, for $22 and upward; we give you the machine and The Weekly Blade one year for $18. You save money, get a first-class machine and a copy of the best weekly newspaper in the United States for less money than one of those cheap and unsatisfactory machines would cost you.

We sold hundreds of the New Blade Machines last fall, and we do not know of one that is not doing good work and giving perfect satisfaction to its purchaser. During the past summer we have made no special effort to push the machine, but we have been selling an average of five or six per day, right along. We can recommend the machine unreservedly now, for it has been tested in hundreds of homes, and proved itself worthy of the full guarantee we give. We know it is going to sell enormously this fall, and we have prepared ourselves to meet the demand. We have facilities to furnish fifty machines per day this fall and winter, and we expect to sell at that rate during the renewal season of subscriptions. We have had letters from a great many people who stated that they contemplated purchasing a machine after harvest, and we are now ready to fill their orders.

There is no risk whatever in purchasing a New Blade Sewing Machine. We advertise that, in case any machine does not give satisfaction after fair trial, we will replace it with a new machine or refund the money, as you prefer. In all the machines thus far sold we have in only three or four instances been called upon to replace a machine, and this was because of injury in transit. We have never had but one call to refund the money—which we did—and we think this was from a person who really did not want a machine; for when it came back it was in perfect order. On the other hand, we have received hundreds of letters from purchasers who are not only entirely satisfied but more than pleased with their machines. Read the advertisement of the machine on another page.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Since Cleveland's letter of acceptance, with his straddle of the tariff issue, the Democratic heelers have all "caught on" to the fact that the candidate sees crushing and irretrievable defeat staring him in the face, and hence executed an "about face." They are going up and down the land telling workingmen that, though the Democratic party says free trade, it don't mean free trade, but only "tariff reform;" and where they are met by the objection that the party is greater than the candidate, and in case of a Democratic triumph in November the party would insist on a free trade bill being enacted into law, they use the argument that the Senate is Republican, and no radical free trade measure can therefore pass that body.

The Senate is Republican now, it is true; but will it remain Republican in case the Democrats carry the states they must win in order to elect a President? The present Senate has 47 Republicans, 39 Democrats and 2 People's party. These vote with the Democrats, making the voting strength of that party 41. It will require the capture of but three Senatorial seats and the election of a Democratic Vice President, with his casting vote in case of a tie, to make the Senate Democratic. Can they get these three seats? Here is a list of Republican Senators, whose terms expire on March 4, 1893, which we find in the Chicago Tribune; their successors will be elected by the legislatures to be chosen this fall, and every state in the table is claimed by either the Democrats or the People's party:

Francis B. Stockbridge	Michigan
Cushman K. Davis	Minnesota
Wilbur F. Sanders	Montana
Algernon S. Paddock	Nebraska
William M. Stewart	Nevada
Frank Hiscock	New York
Lyman R. Casey	North Dakota
Philetus Sawyer	Wisconsin
Francis E. Warren	Wyoming

The Democrats must carry New York to win. If they do so, they will elect a Democrat in place of Senator Hiscock. If they elect the President, the probabilities are in favor of their carrying at least three of the states in the above list, which will mean gaining control of the Senate, with Adlai Stevenson in the Vice Presidential chair to help them out if the Senate should be equally divided. Then the government would be, for the first time since the war, fully in the hands of the Democrats—Senate, House and the President. A free trade bill would go through at the first session of the Fifty-third Congress, despite any assertions and asseverations now made to the contrary. Then the credulous people who have been misled by free trade sophistries will have occasion to repent bitterly of their foolishness in supposing for an instant that any good can possibly come out of the Democratic Nazareth. The time to prevent so disastrous a consummation is now. Defeat free trade by defeating the party which proposes it in its platform.

"I have long thought that if there be any article of necessity which can be produced at home with as little or nearly the same labor as abroad, it would be better to protect that article of labor at its true standard of value."—Abraham Lincoln.

Peck's figures stand the test remarkably well. Not an iota of proof has yet been advanced against their absolute correctness.

Shall we destroy our industries to build up those of Europe? That is the question to be settled at the polls on November 8.

The trouble with Gresham is, that the man he wants as a Presidential candidate wasn't nominated by the Republicans.

The consumption of pig iron is now in excess of the supply, and increased activity in the iron industry will follow.

Two or three political floppers are not going to affect the general result of the November election.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND THE SOLDIERS.

In 1862, the Savage Arms company, of Middletown, Conn., filled an order for 2,000 revolvers, to be shipped to Columbus, Ohio. The order was filled, and the weapons were for the members of the treasonable order of Knights of the Golden Circle. Adlai E. Stevenson is charged with acting as the agent of the order in making the purchase. These facts were fully set forth two or three weeks ago, and neither the substitute-hiring "General" Stevenson, nor any of his supporters, apologists and defenders have dared to question their accuracy, nor to deny Stevenson's connection therewith.

This matter alone renders Stevenson's retention upon the ticket an insult to every man who wore the Union uniform, and to every man who despises a traitor. Cleveland evidently holds that every man who asks for a pension either was a coward or an unworthy soldier, as is shown by the coarse and insulting language used in his hundreds of veto messages; and this fact has lost him the support of gallant Gen. Sickles, and of at least 25,000 Democratic exveterans of the state of New York.

The hostility of the two candidates on the Democratic national ticket to the ex-soldiers is held by thousands of leading Democrats. James F. Brown is one of the members of the Democratic central committee of Washington City. He made a political speech, the week before the national encampment of the Grand Army, in Montgomery, Maryland, in which he referred to that event in the following terms—the extract being from the report in the Montgomery Press:

> The Republican party and the Harrison administration are responsible for every dollar that is paid those who played soldier 30 years ago and who still pride themselves on their work at that time. The Grand Army is a dangerous and corrupt political organization, always ready to defend with bayonet the constitutional and dirty work of the party that feeds them. These mercenary warriors, these pauper soldiers, these hangers-on and around the leaders of the Harrison party, I understand, are soon to be fed and housed in Washington City. They are to be entertained upon a large sum of money which they and the Republican members in the Senate lobbied through Congress. The parks and public squares are also to be reserved for these defenders of the negro, whose vote is always for sale wherever he resides, and the respectable people are asked to open their homes to them.

It is needless to comment on this utterance. It speaks for itself. The following extract is from a recent editorial in the Durham, N. C., Globe, and is a frank exposition of the inner sentiments of the Democratic party concerning the soldiers of the Union:

> It is all easy enough to get up and howl for the bloody shirt, but the truth still remains, and will forever remain, that seven out of ten of the names on the pension rolls to-day are the names of sneaks and scamps who came into this country impersonating soldiers. They came as thieves and stole all in sight, and then they burned the towns and ravished the women. These are the plain, boneless facts; and why, if there are not facts, do these Northern papers, so watchful, apparently, of Cleveland's interests, deny them successfully? However, Cleveland wrote his record clear on his pension business. He kicked the beggars out at the back door and into the middle of next summer. And Dixie proposes to give him another chance to repeat.

This is not an exceptional utterance. The Charleston News and Courier, the leading Democratic paper of South Carolinia, had the following in the course of a political editorial:

> We look upon the G. A. R. as fair game upon all occasions. It is an enemy of the republic, for, whatever may have been its original purpose, it is now a huge machine for bullying the country into contributions for its members. It is a menace to the North, as well as to the South.

We cannot conceive how any self-respecting veteran of the Union armies can cast his vote for the candidates of a party which entertains such sentiments concerning himself.

STILL THEY COME.

The Blade coupons keep pouring in; there is a steady stream of them, every mail which reaches Toledo bringing its quota. Each day shows an increase in the number, and we now know that The Blade's patrons appreciate the offer we make (on the fifth page of this issue) at its true value.

The plan is a tremendous success. Every intelligent reader sees the opportunity of getting two years' subscription for the price of one—and the further opportunity of obtaining a cash premium besides. Don't wait too long before sending in your renewal!

Hon. James M. Dalzell (formerly "Private") is making Republican speeches in Eastern Ohio, and makes a point of the little-known fact that there must be at least 400,000 more sons of ex-soldiers who will be old enough to vote this year than there were in 1888. Mr. Dalzell substantiates this statement by showing the undoubted fact that most of the 200,000 soldiers discharged in 1865 returned home nine-tenths of them unmarried men. Their average time of marriage was about 1867, and sons born subsequent thereto, of course, were not of voting age in 1888. Those born in 1869, 1870, 1871, and most of them were born then, will cast their first votes this year. They will cast them for Harrison and against Cleveland, the soldier-hater and pension-bill vetoer.

Republican platform: Protection to American industries.

Democratic platform: Tariff for revenue only.

The first means goods used in America are to be made in America, and the second means they are to be made in Europe. Goods made here means wages earned here. Goods imported means wages earned in Europe.

Which shall it be?

The relation of the wage question to protection is persistently misrepresented by the free traders. Republicans do not claim that protection induces or compels employers to pay high wages, but they do claim and prove that a protective policy enables the employer to pay the high wages that American workmen justly insist shall be paid them. And its truth can not be successfully disputed.

Judge Cooley has written a letter in reference to the Democratic charge that he has deserted the Republican party. He says:

> I am too old and too feeble a man to take any active part in politics, and while I have great personal regard for the Democratic nominee, I can't say that I am ready to indorse all the principles of the platform for which he stands by casting my vote for him. More than this I do not think it necessary for me to say.

Cardinal Manning said, referring to free trade: "It has created two things—the irresponsible wealth, which stagnates, and the starvation wages of the labor market. This cheapest market is the market of the lacklands, penniless and helpless."

"Failing the success at the Presidential polling of Mr. Cleveland, who has pledged his party to a revenue tariff, the future of British manufactories and of all of the subsidiary industries depending upon them is dark indeed."—Liverpool (England) Echo.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY CATSPAW.

The recent state elections in the South show that the enormous strength claimed there for the People's party for the past year or so, does not exist. More than that, the defeat of Watson for re-election to Congress from the Tenth Georgia district shows that its voting strength is less than it was two years ago. These facts are worth the most careful consideration by voters of the Western and Northwestern states.

The People's party campaign is being pushed in the normally Republican states of those sections, not for the sake of that party, but for the benefit of the Democrats. They expect to reap the usufruct of the movement. The Democratic national committee understands fully that, with all the discordant factors in the party in New York, they can not hope to carry that state's electoral vote. They know, too, that they must have New York in order to win. Hence, they know that Cleveland can not get a majority of the electoral college.

Therefore, their only salvation is in a failure of any candidate to gain a majority of the electoral college. If neither candidate receives 223 votes, the choice of a President devolves upon the present House of Representatives. That body has a large Democratic majority; and as, under the terms of the constitution, it would have to choose one of the candidates now before the people, it is absolutely certain that Cleveland would be the man.

The People's party in the Republican states is to be made the catspaw of the Democrats to pull their Cleveland chestnut out of the fire. If enough Republican states can be brought to elect People's party electors, to prevent Harrison obtaining 223 electoral votes, the trick will have been done. Consequently, every effort is making to push the Weaver cause in Republican states. That is what the fusion between the Democrats and the Populists in Kansas and other Western states is intended to do. It is the last hope of the despairing free trade Democracy—their only chance of electing Grover Cleveland.

Every Republican voter in those states who has ever debated whether he should join the People's party, should take this matter into careful consideration. There is absolutely no possibility whatever of Weaver's election, or of the election of enough People's party candidates for Congressmen to make any effective showing in the House. The decadence of the People' party has set in. The Democrats are, as usual, endeavoring to swallow what remains of it, and to use the organization for their own purposes. If the Republicans of the West are watchful, their designs will fail.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

A reader of The Blade in Akron, Colo., writes that some of the people in that section are condemning the government for "unfair treatment" of silver as compared with gold. He says:

> The complaint is that it coins gold free of charge to the holder of bullion, while for silver its charge is unreasonably high. They do not understand clearly what is meant by the phrase, "free and unlimited" coinage of silver. For one, I should be glad to see the silver not needed for other purposes coined into money, at such value as may be fixed upon it by the nations.

The difference between the coinage of gold and of silver is that the coinage of gold is free, while the government buys at the market rate what silver bullion it needs, and coins it. The objections above made are of no force whatever, and betray an entire ignorance of the real point in the silver question. By the "free and unlimited" coinage of silver is meant that there shall be no limit to the amount of silver dollars coined, and that silver shall be an unlimited legal tender in the payment of debts of all kinds. The cost of coining des not figure. If the law granted these two things to silver—no limit to its coinage, nor to its legal tender powers—it would be immaterial whether the government imposed a "seigniorage"—a charge to cover actual cost of coining—or not.

While a large majority of the people of the United States are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the present ratio to gold of 16 to 1, there are very few who are not in favor of it, provided the ratio is changed, and made to represent the ratios of the market values of the two metals. The obstacle to our doing this alone is that, as silver is a mere article of merchandise with all the great nations of the world, the ratio would not be a permanent one. The same factors of supply and demand which cause silver to rise and fall at present, would still be operative. To give silver stability of price, requires international action. If the nations which are to participate in the coming international silver conference, which is now arranged to meet at Brussels on November 22, shall agree on a new ratio, and also to remonetize silver at that ratio, the required stability will be given.

Free coinage of silver at the present ratio would simply mean the change of our standard of values from the gold dollar, which it is now, to the bullion value of the silver dollar. This would be the cause of enormous loss to the people, would diminish our circulation by the total amount of gold coin and gold paper—over 600 million dollars—and in every way prove disastrous. There is no feasible plan whereby silver can be put on an equality with gold save by establishing a new international ratio, and admitting silver to free coinage thereat.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle puts a poser to the free traders thus: In 1880 the woolen manufacturing establishments of the United States paid their employes $47,389,087 for labor. In 1890 they paid them $76,768,871. Free trade would transfer many of these millions of dollars to the pockets of foreign wage-earners. This would be a good thing for the foreigners, but how would workers in American woolen mills like it?

Our campaign subscribers should not delay to take advantage of our splendid offer on the fifth page. They have had The Blade long enough to know its excellence, and doubtless desire its weekly visits in the future.

The Force bill racket don't win any votes in the North for Cleveland. The tales told out of school by the Kolb crowd in Alabama of ballot-box frauds, and the rotten-egging of Gen. Weaver in Georgia, prevent any fair-minded man up here for having any sympathy for people who deliberately falsify the will of the people and are so bigoted they will not allow free speech.

Great Britain has lost about $23,000,000 per year of South American trade, which comes to us because of reciprocity. This is why the froee traders abuse reciprocity so viciously.

Simon Cameron's judgment is vindicated. Speaking once of Wayne MacVeagh, who is his son-in-law, old Simon declared that he was a fool in politics.

Gresham is probably getting into line to be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1896.

FREE TRADE FALLACIES.

A free trade leaflet is being circulated in some parts of the country among voters, which is a fine illustration of one of the fallacious arguments of the Democratic leaders, intended to dupe the American people. It states that the annual consumption of tin plate in the United States is about 678,000,000 pounds, which, if imported from Great Britain, will pay duties amounting to $14,916,000. The plea is that the election of a Democratic President and Congress will repeal this duty and "save" that much to the people.

If no tin plate to amount to anything is made in this country, as the free traders claim, then the duty on tin plate is simply a revenue duty.

The Chicago platform demands a "tariff for revenue only," and Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance declares for a "tariff for revenue."

It is necessary to raise about $220,000,000 by duties on imports, to meet the expenses of the national government, besides what comes from internal revenue taxation. Every intelligent man knows and admits this, be he Democrat or Republican.

The Republican platform proposes to raise this revenue by duties levied, as they now are, on imported articles of the same kind as we can raise or make in the United States—allowing those things of which we can not raise or make enough for our needs (except luxuries) to come in free.

The Democratic party reverses this, and promises to raise this sum by duties on things of which we can not make or raise enough for our needs, and allowing imported articles of the kinds we do raise or make to come in free.

As the latter compose about half our imports, the Democrats, if they carry out their programme, will have to put heavy duties on those imports which are largest in volume.

They will have to reimpose a duty on sugar, which was removed by the new tariff law—because the duty on sugar is not protective, but a revenue duty, as is every duty on articles of which we do not produce enough to supply our wants.

They will have to put a duty on tea and coffee, which have been on the free list since 1872, when the war duty on those articles was removed.

They will have to tax tin plate, because that is a revenue duty at present; and they will have to put duties on foreign fruits, spices, and a thousand things now on the free list.

The duties collected under the present tariff law are not greater than the actual needs of the government. The governmental expenses can not be reduced (unless the Democrats repeal the pension laws), and this $220,000,000 must be raised by duties on imports.

The question then is, shall we leave the duties where they now are—on competing products—and let American competition keep prices down, or put them on non-competing products, and give ourselves over to the tender mercies of foreign producers?

Read the Question Bureau this week. You will find there some important matters bearing on the present political campaign.

WHAT SICKLES SAID.

At one of the "camp fires" at Washington city, during the recent national encampment of the G. A. R., Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, a life-long Democrat, made a speech which has provoked much comment because of its criticism of Grover Cleveland. The following is that portion of his remarks, revised by his own hand:

> Comrades, we missed one of our number yesterday. An imperative domestic duty constrained him to be absent from the capitol, and deprived him of the pleasure of meeting you and extending to you a soldier's welcome from the head of the nation. To-night he is the happiness to see his beloved wife in her home, somewhat relieved, as we are happy to learn, from her sufferings. Yet it is impossible for him to open his doors to you to-night, as I am sure it would have been his pride and pleasure to do if possible. He has not forgotten you; let us not forget him. He is a soldier, a comrade—the President of the United States. I know he is a good soldier, for I saw him lead his regiment in the assault on the redoubt at Resaca. (A voice—"And he didn't send a substitute, either.")
>
> This provoked cries of "Order! Order!" which had to be repeated when another enthusiastic veteran shouted: "And he didn't send back any captured flags, either." General Sickles proceeded when order was restored:
>
> I know he is a true comrade, because he has never refused a just request made by the men who wore the blue. Now, Mr. Chairman, I move, as the sense of this assemblage of the veterans of the Third Army corps, that the officers of this meeting be authorized and requested to express to our comrade, the President of the United States, our sympathy in his affliction, and to extend to him our sincere wishes for the speedy convalescence of his beloved wife.

The suggestion of the speaker was put in the form of a resolution by the chairman and adopted by a rising vote with the greatest enthusiasm, followed by three cheers for Comrade Harrison and three more for Comrade Sickles. But there were none for Comrade Cleveland, because there is no Comrade Cleveland.

At the hearing of the case against Labor Commissioner Peck, at Albany, on Thursday, his counsel argued that the papers destroyed were not public records, and, in reply to the judge, counsel for the prosecution said that this was the point at issue between the parties, and that if the judge decided that the papers were not public property that would end the case. The judge took the matter under advisement, and will give a decision October 18. The contention of Peck's counsel is sound. The individual answers to his queries, given confidentially, are certainly not public property.

James G. Blaine has promised to contribute to the November number of the North American Review an article on the political issues of the Presidential campaign. It will without doubt be the most notable contribution to Republican campaign literature.

The free trade and wildcat money planks of the Chicago platform naturally go together. The one reduces the workingman's wages, the other cheats him out of part of it.

Tom Watson was defeated for re-election to Congress in the Fourth Georgia district, the Peoples' party stronghold in that state. He now mournfully asks, "Where was I at?"

Wayne MacVeagh is one of the law firm in which Cleveland is a partner. He supported Cleveland in 1884 and 1888, and there is nothing surprising in his supporting him again this year.

Judge Gresham should, as part of his renunciation of the Republican party, promptly resign the lucrative office to which he was appointed as a Republican.

Cobb has his revenge over Tom Watson in the latter's defeat for Congress. Cobb can gleefully ask him "where he is at."

The New York Union Printer, the organ of the typographical union, supports Harrison and Reid.

A vote for Democracy is a vote for calamity.

ASECOND EDITION

Of 5,000 Copies Now Ready, of "Nasby in Exile"—The Great Success the Book Is Having Among the People.

The edition of 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile," published in June, is now exhausted. The demand has far exceeded our expectations. We now offer the second 5,000 edition on the terms set forth in the large advertisement to be found elsewhere in this paper—which are in fact the same terms we gave on the first edition.

While a great many copies of the first edition have gone in connection with new subscribers, sent by old subscribers for the purpose of obtaining a copy for themselves, and a great many more have gone in connection with voluntary subscriptions to get one, we have been glad to notice that almost every subscriber whose time has expired this summer has renewed his subscription for the next year and called for a copy of this book.

Since this book has been offered, we have renewed almost every one of our expiring subscriptions. Thus far in September, every expiring subscription is being renewed in connection with this book, and the present 5,000 edition can hardly supply the demand of those subscribers whose time is up during the months of September and October. Whether we can afford to offer this premium during the entire winter season, has not yet been decided; but it is very uncertain that a third edition will be printed. Hence, every one who wants a copy will do well to renew AT ONCE. No matter when his subscription expires; it will be dated forward one full year from date of expiration. Thus he will be sure of obtaining a copy of the book. The advertisement on another page gives a full description of the work. We have not room for both the table of contents and the list of illustrations at the same time; so we alternate them in the advertisement—the contents one week, the illustrations the next. Note two successive issues, and read both.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The death of Alfred Tennyson removes the greatest poet of the Victorian age, and leaves a vacancy in the hierarchy of letters which must perforce remain unfilled. There is no living English poet worthy to take rank with the dead laureate, for the last thirty years has not brought to light any poet of the first class.

The most active and the best period of Tennyson's poetical career lay between his rise to prominence as a poet, about 1830 and 1870. Since the latter time, the infirmities of age have been creeping upon him, and his productions have been, as a rule, inferior to those of his prime—unless an exception may be made of his drama, "The Foresters," which achieved a great success on the boards last year, when it was first produced.

Upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, he was made poet laureate, but the verse which he wrote in that capacity has been mediocre in quality compared with his other poems, with the possible exception of three—the "Ode to the Duke of Wellington;" "Alexandra," written on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," one of the most stirring bits of battle verse ever penned. He reached the advanced age of 83, his passing away reminding one strikingly of one of his later poems, entitled "Crossing the Bar," a flawless gem of poesy, and describing beautifully the transition which he has just experienced:

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me!
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea.
>
> With such a tide as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound and foam
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.
>
> Twilight and evening bell
> And after that the dark!
> And may there be no sadness of farewell
> When I embark;
>
> For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place.
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

SMASHING GERRYMANDERS.

The second gerrymander of Wisconsin has been pronounced unconstitutional by the courts, and the Democratic governor will be obliged to call the Democratic legislature together a second time to see if it can forget blind partisanship long enough to make a just and equitable apportionment. Twice have the courts rebuked the Democrats for gerrymanders perpetrated under the inspiration of Vilas. They should discredit his leadership, and try to be as nearly honest as possible.

The gerrymander has had some hard knocks this year. In New York, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin, partisan apportionments have been overset by the courts. It is to be hoped the end of the gerrymander is coming. If the courts do their duty, an end will be put to this vile method of practically disfranchising a portion of the voters of a state to subserve partisan ends and maintain the party in power by unfair means. No matter what party attempts to perpetrate the fraud, the courts should be promptly appealed to in order that the wrong may be righted.

The march of Democrats over into the Republican camp continues. The last notable instance is Edward Foley, general foreign freight agent of the Erie Railway, who has hitherto been a Democrat, but now, because of the foolish financial position of the party, comes out for Harrison and Reid.

Within a few days, Indiana will have another huge tin-plate mill in operation. It is located at Hammond, and costs $250,000. It has orders booked which will take its entire product for months ahead. Such facts are object-lessons in the value of protection.

Manchester is one of England's greatest manufacturing centers, yet one person in every 30 of the total population is a pauper, receiving public charity. Free trade does not seem to distribute wealth among the masses.

The counterfeiters are all Democrats this year. They want wildcat banks. As each bank would have an entirely different design for its notes, these gentry would have have a thousand chances then to one now.

Grover has "sworn off" until election day, as Adlai has been making an "awful example" of himself at odd times ever since he painted things red at the Manhattan club reception in New York city.

Cleveland in his letter of acceptance, declares protection unjustifiable and free trade impossible. As a tariff must be one or the other, what does Mr. Cleveland mean to do?

The monetary conference will meet at Brussels on November 22, with eighteen countries represented. It is to be hoped it will reach a solution of the silver riddle.

RAILROAD LAND GRANTS.

We find, by letters from Blade readers all over the West and Southwest, that the Democrats are charging the Republican party with originating the policy of railroad land grants, and thus "alienating the people's heritage" to benefit these corporations. The facts do not seem to be as well understood as they should be. The first donation of land to railroads was made by the Democrats. Stephen A. Douglas introduced the bill, and it was entitled "An act granting the right of way and making a grant of land to the state of Illinois, Mississippi and Alabama, in aid of the construction of a railroad from Chicago to Mobile." As much as 30,420,920 acres were given the railroad by Democrats prior to 1861.

The Union Pacific grants were the largest ever made, Only two Democrats voted against them in the House. They made a great howl over reclaiming much of this land, forgetting to mention the fact that the lands were forfeited because of the failure on the part of railroads to comply with the grant, and all that was needed to reclaim was a law authorizing the secretary of the Interior to have the necessary surveys made to determine what part of the land had been forfeited.

The Texas Pacific land grant bill was one of the dast of the series. It passed in 1871. Twenty-eight Democrats voted for it in the House, and only nineteen against. In the Senate an attempt was made to kill the bill by laying it on the table. Every Democrat voted against the motion. The bill then passed without division.

If the voters will refer to the Democratic national platform of 1856, they will find that the Democratic party in convention assembled pledged its aid to these very railroads. If they will go farther and examine the platform of the party for the year 1880, they will find that the national Democracy again renews its pledge of aid to these railroads. If they will read the message of President Buchanan (Democrat) in 1858, they will see where the chief magistrate of the Union, for the first time in the history of the government, recommended that grants of money and land be given to these corporations. These are the cold facts of the case, which can be verified by every one. The Democratic party can not falsify them.

Every subscriber will, of course, read our marvelous announcement, and we want every one, this week—don't wait until next—to sit down and use coupon No. 1. Next week we well tell you how to use the next one.

SCHURZ AND VILLARD.

Carl Schurz has thrust himself into public notice, and announces his support of Cleveland and the Democratic party. He alleges that, in his opinion, the Democratic party is more "worthy of public confidence" than its opponent. We doubt whether Mr. Schurz's word is of much value in this connection. It seems to us that a man should be "worthy of public confidence" before he assumes to occupy the seat of judgment. Mr. Schurz certainly is not clean-handed himself. When he was secretary of the Interior, he made a most infamous decision which practically enabled the Northern Pacific railway to steal $80,000,000 worth of the people's heritage. Col. William Bowen Moore, formerly on Gen. Grant's staff, tells a Buffalo newspaper the story in the following words:

> Among the names on the Cleveland proclamation addressed to Germans are those of Henry Villard, ex-president of the Northern Pacific railroad, and Carl Schurz. Mr. Villard came to this country under his father's name, a good old German name; but when he got up in the world he assumed the French sounding name of Villard.
>
> About

DO YOU WANT $500

And a Chance to Get the Weekly Blade FREE for One Year?---If So, Read This Announcement.

THE BEST OFFER WE EVER MADE!

We believe this announcement to be the most remarkable one ever offered by any newspaper to the general public. It is entirely in the interest of our subscribers and of those who may become subscribers under its terms, and will cost us a great deal of money, the advantage being all on the side of the present Blade subscribers, as nearly every one of them will, without doubt, obtain two years' subscription to the Weekly Blade for $1. We feel gratified, however, at being able to give this advantage to our old subscribers, who have most of them been on our lists for many years; and all we ask is that they shall make this matter as public as they conveniently can among their neighbors and friends. We ask no one to take any time to solicit subscriptions for the Weekly Blade on these terms; but it will take only a few minutes to show your friends this remarkable announcement.

Our offer is this:

We will give to every person who reads this announcement, the Weekly Blade one year FREE, if he shall correctly guess who will be elected President of the United States at the coming November election. The conditions are simply these: Fill out the coupon below, with your name and address; write in the proper blank the name of the candidate you think will be the winner; cut out the coupon around the border, and send it to us in a letter with $1 enclosed. Presuming that you are already a subscriber, we will on receipt of this coupon and one dollar extend your time ONE YEAR from the date of expiration of your present subscription (this extension will be made immediately on receipt of your money). This coupon will be carefully filed away until after election. As soon as the result is made known, all those who have guessed correctly the name of the winning candidate will have their time extended for ANOTHER full year, FREE, thereby receiving the Weekly Blade TWO YEARS for the $1 sent us.

(Please bear in mind: Remittances under these terms must be $1 each, current funds, no discount or commission off, and no participation in any other one of our former or present premium offers. Make remittances by money order, express order, postal note, draft on New York or Chicago, or in currency by registered letter. Do not send checks on country banks. Do not send postage stamps, if possible to obtain other funds. No coupon will be filed unless accompanied by $1; neither will a coupon be filed if the remittance is short of the net amount—$1. No commission to agents allowed on this offer.)

Furthermore, we offer you still more advantages. Notice on the coupon the blank to be filled out with your guess as to the TOTAL NUMBER of votes which will be cast for ALL candidates at the coming Presidential election. Fill this out also, and you will participate in 206 opportunities for cash premiums, according to the premium list following:

LIST OF PREMIUMS:

1—$500 CASH to the one guessing the figures of the total vote.
2—$100 CASH to the next nearest.
3—.....$50 to the next
4—.....$25 to the next
5—.....$20 to the next
6—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
7—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
8—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
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15—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
16—.....$19 to the next
17—.....$18 to the next
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56—.....$10 to the next

In addition to the above fifty-six premiums, we propose to add 150 new Blade Sewing Machines, in case our total renewals and subscriptions reach the number of 150,000. This will make the number of premiums 206, instead of the 56 given above, to be participated in by the 206 guessing nearest to the total number of votes polled at the coming election.

In case we receive less than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers, but 100,000 or more, we shall add 100 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above list of premiums, making the total number of premiums 156, instead of 56, as stated above.

In case we fall short of 100,000 renewals and new subscriptions, but receive 75,000 or more, we shall add 50 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above premium list, making the total number of premiums offered 106, instead of 56, as stated above.

We confidently expect to receive more than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers on the terms of this offer. We believe more than 100,000 of our present 115,000 subscription list will immediately renew on the terms of this offer; and it is certainly safe to estimate that 50,000 new subscribers will come to us, if our friends will take a little pains to show this offer to their neighbors and friends.

We shall not be surprised if 250,000 people avail themselves of this offer before the coming election day; and we are making extraordinary preparations to take care of that number of subscriptions.

The coupon below explains itself. All you have to do is to plainly fill it out, write your name and address very plainly, add your guesses carefully in their proper places; then cut the coupon from the paper, and mail it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," with $1 inclosed. Be particular, also, in the proper place on the coupon, to write "Renewal" if your name is now on our books, either as an annual or campaign subscriber; or "New" if your name is not on our books at present. This is merely to facilitate our work in the counting-room and mailing-room.

SOME FIGURES TO HELP.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.

Tilden, Dem.	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep.	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh.	9,522
Walker, American	2,636
Total vote, 1876.	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.

Garfield, Rep.	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem.	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk.	307,306
Dow, Proh.	10,305
Phelps, American	707
Total vote, 1880.	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.

Cleveland, Dem.	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep.	4,848,334
St. John, Proh.	151,809
Butler, People's	133,825
Total vote, 1884.	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.

Cleveland, Dem.	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep.	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh.	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor	2,808
Curtis, American	1,591
Total vote, 1888.	11,380,860

Since the Presidential elect n of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890).	26,489
South Dakota (governor, 1890.)	77,807
Montana (congress, 1890.)	31,030
Washington (congress 1890.)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890.)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890.)	16,032
Total	254,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be.

This blank coupon will be published seven weeks—the first publication in the issue of September 23, and the last on November 4. Every subscriber will therefore receive seven of these coupons. You will need but one for your own use. See how many of the other six you can influence your friends to use.

It is important that you IMMEDIATELY send your own renewal, no matter if you have just subscribed. Your time will be extended for one year more, anyhow, and for two years if you make the correct guess. We expect every subscriber whose subscription does not expire until next summer or next fall, to just as promptly send us immediately another year's renewal, as if his time expired next month. It is an offer that we shall never make again, and it is certainly to your interest to take advantage of it now.

The time is very short. Therefore, don't delay an hour after first reading this advertisement.

ONLY UNTIL NOVEMBER 8TH.

The terms of this offer will expire with all orders RECEIVED by us on November 8th. No coupons will be filed which are received AFTER that date.

We urge again that you send your renewal immediately. For the convenience of our clerical work, we ask you not to postpone it until the last week of the offer.

Here is the coupon:

COUPON.

Cut out this and enclose with your order for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, first filling out the following blank. This Coupon is not valid unless accompanied by $1.00 in current funds, for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE.

I believe _____ will be Elected President of the United States at the coming November Election.

This is a _____ Subscription.
If your name is now on our books, write "Renewal" in the blank space; if not, write "New."

I believe the Total Number of Votes Cast for all Presidential Candidates at the coming November Election, will be _____

Name _____

Post Office _____

County _____

State _____

Date _____ 1892.

No. 4.

Read it carefully; fill in the blanks, cut it out and send it with one dollar to

"THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO."

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN."

The Editor of The Blade to Make a Trip to Japan, to Prepare a Series of Illustrated Letters for Our Readers.

The editor of The Blade, Mr. Robinson Locke, leaves in a few days for Japan—that singularly interesting but little-known land, whose population is about two-thirds that of the United States, while the area of all its islands is only equal to about four states the size of Ohio. Its civilization is thousands of years old; its people are by all odds the most interesting race on the face of the globe to Americans.

Mr. Locke will prepare for The Blade a series of descriptive letters, while en route. He will write them on the spot, with all the bewilderingly odd and strange sights of Oriental civilization before him. Each letter will be

Illustrated With Photographs Taken on the Spot,

which will be mailed us and engraved at once to accompany the letter in which the scene is described. This will add much to the interest and value of the series, which will be entitled

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN."

Mr. Locke does not propose to follow the beaten path of Oriental travel. He will mingle with the Japanese themselves, see them in their homes, and describe the domestic daily life of this wonderful people. He will describe their methods of agriculture, and show how it differs from ours. He will describe their peculiar manufactures of bronze, and lacquer, and porcelain. He will give graphic pictures of Japanese manners and ideals, and show how the civilization of that people differs from ours. In short, the letters will describe graphically just those points which would strike an American if he were suddenly set down in the "Land of the Cherry Blossom," as the Japanese poetically style their country.

Mr. Locke is accompanied by a party consisting of his wife, Mrs. Robinson Locke, his mother, Mrs. D. R. Locke, and his brother, Mr. Charles Locke. Mr. Locke has letters from the State department at Washington, which will insure a welcome for himself and his party in the highest official and social circles of the Japanese Empire, and will enable him to give to The Blade's readers graphic and truthful pictures of

The Social Life of the Japanese People.

This will include the manner of furnishing Japanese homes, the methods of conducting the household, of receiving and returning visits, entertaining guests, etc., etc., and a thousand curious facts about the home life of this curious people, which are inaccessible to the average traveler.

Mr. Locke will also include a description of Japanese methods of farming, their staple crops, how they plow, sow and harvest, bringing into strong relief the peculiarity of all Oriental peoples of doing things in a manner exactly opposite from that of all Western nations. This will be extremely interesting to all familiar with American farm life.

There are many other features of this series of illustrated letters which we will give in subsequent announcements, for lack of room at this time. The series will be a very interesting feature of The Blade for the coming year, and will alone be worth more than the subscription price. They will be published exclusively in The Blade, as the trip is undertaken expressly in the interest of its readers. Watch subsequent issues for further announcements.

A BRIGHT SERIAL,

To Follow "A Political Juno," Which Closes in the Next Issue of The Blade.

We are glad to announce that we have secured a very bright, strong serial, which will run four or five weeks, and which will begin in next week's issue of The Blade. It is called

"THE GREAT SHADOW,"

and is written by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the eminent English novelist, author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Micah Clarke," and other stories which have enjoyed phenomenal popularity. It will be well illustrated by designs prepared under the eye of the distinguished author himself, and we believe it will be a very satisfactory story to every reader of The Blade. It will conclude about the time that we shall begin Irving Bacheller's great story, "The Unbidden Guest." Read the first installment next week, by all means.

A NEW SERIAL.

A Story by an Able Eastern Writer, Fresh and Unhackneyed in Plot, and Extremely Interesting.

In the issue of The Weekly Blade of November 10, we shall begin the serial publication of a new story by Irving Bacheller, a rising New York author. It is entitled

"THE UNBIDDEN GUEST,"

and several well-known critics who have read it express themselves regarding it with much enthusiasm. One of these is from Howard Fielding, the noted litterateur, who says:

My Dear Sir:—I congratulate you heartily upon your story, "The Unbidden Guest." Its action passes in the midst of a dark subject, and bears its own illumination. The merit of a story is, unhappily, not a guarantee of its success; but in this case I feel sure that the excellence of the work will not be overlooked. That actor who is felt but not seen has impressed me deeply; and I know that his invisible hand will lead every other reader, as it led me, irresistibly from scene to scene, to the end. Yours sincerely,

HOWARD FIELDING.

"The Unbidden Guest" presents a new mystery to the reading world. One of the characters is simply a voice, whose owner is not revealed until the last chapter, when it points a moral with very telling effect.

We have read the story, and have no hesitancy in saying that The Blade's readers will be charmed with it. It is written in an entirely different vein from any serial we have published for a long time, and will afford an agreeable variation. Don't fail to read it.

In Chicago.

Skipley—"See that woman talking to Major Brassey? She and I are engaged."

Ripley—"Engaged, you idiot? Why, that's your wife!"

Skipley—"I know it, but we are engaged to be divorced."—Puck.

WHEN NATURE

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Gulf stream flows at the rate of four miles an hour.

Forty-nine per cent of the days in London are said to be wet.

It is computed that nearly $700,000,000 are invested in electricity.

The University of Pennsylvania has established a hospital for sick dogs.

Banner county, Neb., boasts of a new born baby who weighs 20 1-4 lbs.

The enrollment of girl students in the Harvard Annex this year is over 300.

Over 2,000,000 postal cards are necessary to meet the daily demands in this country.

A clock that can talk has been invented by a watchmaker in Geneva, Switzerland.

The first training school for teachers was organized in Prussia in the year 1765.

Squirrels have taken to eating watermelons in some parts of the state of Oregon.

Ex-Private Iams, of Homestead court-martial fame, is now a clerk in a Pittsburg store.

A mill owner in Alabama only allows Independent Democrats to fish in his mill pond.

Many rural towns in Maine have journeymen barbers. They go about from town to town.

Sparks from amber and other electrical substances were mentioned by Pliny, A. D. 70.

The catapult was invented in Syracuse, 402 B. C., in the reign of Dinonysius the Elder.

Statistics prove that the negro in the South lives longer than the negro in the North.

While slicing ham, a Pottstown, Pa., woman found a silver thimble imbedded therein.

The sword of Henry the Pious, Duke of Silesia, was six feet long and weighed 30 pounds.

A cannon ball was recently fired nearly seven miles from an 80-ton gun in Dover, England.

Military maces, clubs with iron heads, came into Western Europe in the seventh century.

A giant's skeleton has been unearthed at Brunswick, Ga., which is nearly nine feet long.

Perhaps the most happily named man in England is Thankful Joy, a Hampshire cricketer.

In France 8,079 patents were granted for electrical improvements during the past year.

Michigan has nearly 87,000 Methodists, with church property valued at over $3,750,000.

The legion was formed by Romulus, B. C. 720. It originally consisted of 3,000 foot and 300 horse.

The ancient Mexicans used wooden swords in war that they might not kill their enemies.

Connecticut spelled in an Indian dialect, Quin-ne-ti-cut-gut, signified "land on a long tidal river."

Egyptian bronze swords made B. C. 3200, were from two to three feet long, with double edge.

An insect in the ear may be drowned out with tepid water, or killed by a few drops of sweet oil.

There are but 190 colored voters in North Dakota. There are 18,000 in the city of Baltimore.

Between 1880 and 1890 the eligible voting population in the United States increased 32 per cent.

The armor of horse and rider in the fourteenth century frequently weighed as much as 400 pounds.

The Hon. James G. Blaine was weighed at Bar Harbor the other day and tipped the scales at 162½ pounds.

There are said to be apple trees in Japan only four inches high, which bear apples the size of currants.

The Federal census of 1890 returned the adult white male population of the United States at 16,940,311.

The first elevated road in Great Britain will be in Liverpool. The road is already in the course of construction.

Catholic congregations in Prussia are increasing in much greater proportion than the increase of the population.

The youngest member of the British House of Commons is 22 years of age; its oldest is on the shady side of 90.

A French photographer has succeeded in taking a flying insect, the time of exposure being only 1-2500 of a second.

Blocks of building material, capable of standing a severe strain, have been made in Germany of compressed sawdust.

The new census statistics show that the income of a lawyer is, on an average, six times as great as that of a minister.

A hunting horn in Limoges enamel, made in 1530, and believed to have formerly belonged to Horace Walpole, was sold recently for $31,500.

Beginning in October Russian will be taught in two of the Paris colleges, and perhaps be put on the same footing as German and English.

A well-known Parisian physician is authority for the statement that 40 people are annually prepared for burial while still alive, in that city.

Of fourteen first-class racers now on the Atlantic, four are German built, one hails from France, six from the Clyde, two from Belfast and one from Mersey.

A Florida silver half dollar of 1790 is worth $10, while the Virginia silver half dollar of 1773 is valued at $2. The pewter Continental dollar of 1776 is worth $3.

Small electric lamps are being tried by the London police in place of the old-fashioned oil bull's-eyes. The experiments have proved highly satisfactory thus far.

A blue crane, a rare bird in that region, was shot the other day near Manistee, Mich. It measured six feet from tip to tip of wings, and five feet from head to feet.

The Chinese have a kitchen god which is supposed to go to the Chinese heaven at the beginning of the year to report upon the private life of the families under his care.

France has imposed a tax upon traveling bicyclists. Every foreign wheelman who enters the republic will be obliged to pay a duty of from $15 to $20 on his machine.

The proposed underground electric railways for London, if sanctioned, will be 16 feet under the Thames, 68 feet beneath Regent's Park and 85 feet below Oxford street.

In speaking of the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

Out of a total of 73,324 paupers in almshouses in the United States in the year covered by the eleventh census, 91.15 per cent were white and 8.85 per cent were colored.

There is a certain island in the Baltic sea, to whose inhabitants the body of the sun is clearly visible in the morning before it rises and likewise in the evening after it sets.

The electric light that flashes from the lighthouse at Hantsholm, on the coast of Jutland, in Denmark, is of 20,000,000 candle power, and consequently the most powerful in the world.

In the 28 years that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has had existence, Chief Arthur states, it has disbursed over $3,000,000 to the widows and families of deceased engineers.

Mrs. Mary E. Tims, who died at Peach Orchard, Ark., recently, was 110 years old. She was the mother of eighteen children, the eldest of whom is still living at the age of ninety-one years.

Investigations of rain drops lead to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fall when striking to wet the whole surface inclosed within the drop.

Comparison of the results of the sunshine recorder at Greenwich, England, for fourteen years, shows that throughout the year the average daily amount of sunshine is little more than three hours.

The nebula in Orion is a fine telescopic object now. The great black space in this nebula is known among unpoetic star gazers as the coal hole. No star has ever been seen in this hole in the universe.

Crystallized nitrogen is one of the greatest chemical curiosities. By cooling nitrogen gas down to 287 degrees below the freezing point, and then allowing it to expand, solid snow-like crystals are formed.

The largest number of men enlisted from the thirteen states of America during the revolutionary war, was 80,761 in 1776. The aggregate of troops furnished the Union army in the war of 1861-65 was 2,320,272.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bricks made of plaster of paris and cork are now used in the construction of powder mills. In case of explosion they offer slight resistance and are broken to atoms.

The central Sahara registers a mean temperature of 97 degrees in July. Central Australia boasts of 94 degrees in January, a mean which is attained in South Carolina and Arabia in midsummer.

It is said that when the Shah of Persia visited Eughaud some years ago he was entertained at Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland. So impressed was the Oriental visitor with the magnificence of his host's surroundings that he afterward privately advised the Prince of Wales to have the duke quietly strangled and confiscate the estates.

Capt. Weissert, or Gen. Weissert as he will now be called by reason of his election as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, is said to have been a great stickler for discipline while he was department commander in Wisconsin. He preferred the post hall to the banquet board, and believed that on meeting night the post-room was the place for Grand Army men.

Mme. Bourinine, whom the Grand Duke Nicholas married at Toula, was born a serf, it is stated, as was her first husband, who, however, became one of the most extensive merchants in Russia. He is to be known hereafter simply as Prince Nicholas Romanoff, having renounced his title of grand duke and sundry other empty honors in order to contract the marriage.

Publishers' Desk.

TWO NEW PICTURES.

We have just received two timely pictures, which every reader of The Blade will want. Price 25 cents each, postpaid by mail. Both are 12x17 inches in size.

The first one is, "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS." This is done in fine colors, and is an excellent copy of the great original, which is in the Capitol at Washington.

The second picture is "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA." This also is executed in fine color work, and is a faithful of the renowned painting known by that name.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders, for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7, or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the gondola.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address J. D. House, Lock Box B, Albion, Mich.

Too Sectional for Her.

"I take no interest whatever in the aurora borealis," observed Miss Floyd, of Mississippi, coldly.

"Why?"

"They are northern lights."

The Consolations of Matrimony.

She—I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me?

He—Yes, darling; but you wouldn't have known it.—Life.

The whole world says truthful things in its praise of "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

IN TOWN.

They had no "partings in the wood,"
No "meetings in the hawthorne lane,"
"Beside the sea" they never stood,
Nor "watched the sunset after rain."
Their pathway was the busy street,
Their trysting place the office stair
Yet well I know joy more complete
Did never visit mortal pair.

And why should rustic love alone
Be dubbed with all poetic art?
These dull, gray city walls have known
The beating of a nation's heart.
The weary workers come and go;
The secret of each soul is dumb;
Yet still at times a radiant glow,
Across their way-worn lives may come.

And these, my happy lovers, knew
Hard toil, small wage, and scanty fare;
The skies they saw were ever blue,
But love made gladness everywhere.
His step upon the office floor
Was sweet to her as thrush's song;
Her face that passed the open door
For him made sunshine all day long.
—London Figaro.

Getting at the Essentials.

Wooden—Will you marry me?
(No reply.)
Wooden—Mildred, I offer you my heart, my hand, my love, my devotion, my whole life.
(No reply.)
Wooden—I lay my proudest ambitions, my brightest hopes at your feet; will you not speak, Mildred?
Mildred—Who owns the grocery at the corner—you or your brother?
"I do."
"Well, why didn't you say that first?—Boston Courier.

A Difficult Problem.

Hoffman Howes—"I see by the papers that the pwince started waising hosses five yeahs ago."
Howell Gibbon—"Ya-as. And we must do everything the pwince does."
Hoffman Howes—"But how the dooce can we start waising hosses five yeahs ago?"

In a Bad Fix.

She—"Last night I dreamt we were at Saratoga and stopping at one of the finest hotels."
He—Don't talk that way. Money is so scarce now-a-days that we can't afford even to dream of going to Saratoga."—Texas Siftings.

GALVANIZED
GEARED AERMOTOR
Re-designed and much improved, furnishes power to
PUMP, GRIND, CUT FEED, and SAW WOOD.
Price Cut to $75
For 12-ft. Steel Geared Aermotor.
Does the work of 4 horses at half the cost of one, and is always harnessed and never gets tired. With our Steel Stub Power it is easy to put on farm. Send for elaborate designs for putting power in barn.
AERMOTOR CO 12th & Rockwell Sts., Chicago. & 29 Fremont St., San Francisco.

$2.35 WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS.
SIZE OF CUT
Will keep as good time as a $15 watch. We are already firm in the United States making this offer. The country has been flooded with cheap imitations of the watch. Now we propose to offer 10,000 of the genuine article. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send the watch to your nearest express office for you to look over and if you think it is a big bargain pay the agent $2.35 and express charges and it is yours. We send our guarantee that you can return it any time within one year if in any way unsatisfactory.
FREE. If you send cash, $2.35, with your order we give you a fine gold plated chain as sample.
Keene's Mammoth Watch Store, 61 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

GRATEFUL--COMFORTING.
Epps's Cocoa
BREAKFAST.
By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—"CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE."
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

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The first and only Genuine watch that will run and keep time ever offered for ONLY 1 CO
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An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, stops hair and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, bruises and sprains. All Druggists or by mail 50c. 44 Stone Street, N. Y.

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Upon investigation at my home Section where I have not already introduced it, I will present free the best sewing machine ever made. Our terms, conditions and everything in fact are far better than any other house ever offered. For full particulars, etc., cut this out, and send to us to-day.
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SECOND 5,000 EDITION!

"NASBY IN EXILE."

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of The Blade will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $4,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo Blade Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, being, however, a little lighter quality of paper to reduce the cost of postage, and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Recipes" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—except that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since the book was written, and the statements of those chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly Blade, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can only be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this

HOME TALKS.

HEROIC, BUT MISUNDERSTOOD.

A Tragedy Beneath, to the World Only Common-Place—Some Incidents Given—Something About the American Band of Mercy.

"A common-place life," me say, and me sighs;
But why should me sigh as me say?
The common-place sun in the common-place sky,
Makes up the common-place day;
The moon and the stars are common-place things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of his common-place lives makes his beautiful whole."
—Susan Coolidge.

Is there such a thing as a really common-place life? I have often asked myself this question when I have seen some poor forlorn-looking man or woman trudging along the dusty highway of labor apparently with no thought beyond the procuring of three meals a day, and learned that underneath this appearance of energies directed only to common things was a story so full of pathos as to move to tears those with hearts to feel for the woes of others. This experience has been repeated so often that it is borne in upon me that there are really no common-place lives as we understand the term, but that all are indeed a part of God's "beautiful whole," as in the "sometime" we shall surely find.

Those of you who have read Barrie's "Auld Licht Idyl" will remember the recital of the lives of the mother and son who lived in the little village of Auld Licht, with no idea of the great world that lay outside of its narrow boundaries. Together they struggled along, and when the old mother grew so infirm that she could not care for herself at home, the son carried her with him to his work.

"Before Cree settled down as a weaver, he was knife and scissor grinder for three counties, and Mysy, his mother, accompanied him wherever he went. Mysy trudged alongside him till her eyes grew dim and her limbs failed her, and then Cree was told that she must be sent to the pauper's home. After that a pitiable and beautiful sight was to be seen. Cree, already a feeble man, would wheel his grindstone along the long high-road, leaving Mysy behind. He took the stone on a few hundred yards, and then, hiding it by the roadside in a ditch or behind a paling, returned for his mother. Her he led—sometimes he almost carried her—to the place where the grindstone lay, and thus by double journeys he went with him. Every one said that Mysy's death would be a merciful release—every one but Cree."

Then his mother became blind, and still he toiled on for her, and would not consent to let her go to the poor house. He gave up his trade of a grinder, and took to doing weaving, so that he could stay at home with her. He was "too dull a man to have many visitors, but the minister called occasionally, and reproved him for telling his mother lies. The lies Cree told Mysy were that he was sharing the meals he went for her, and that he wore the warm overcoat which he had exchanged years before for a blanket to keep her warm.

There can be nothing more pathetic and farther from commonplace in such a life as this of poor Cree's, who went on his way unmoved by the jibes and jeers which the village boys threw at him in plentiful showers. And if we look around us with seeing eyes, we shall find Cree's counterpart where least the world would expect it to be.

In the heart of the Rockies I once saw a woman in a log cabin who lived what seemed the most commonplace life, bare of everything which we are wont to consider necessary to make life anything more than endurable. In her youth she had been surrounded with the refinements that comfortable circumstances bring. Now, in her mature womanhood, she was shut away from everything which could remind her that such things were. She cooked, ate, slept, washed dishes, scrubbed, and followed all the wearying round of duties that must be accomplished whether in a mansion or a cabin. Her soul craved the beautiful in art and literature, but even a glimpse of them were denied, only as some passing traveler left behind a stray paper or magazine. And yet she had not grown coarse, or rough, or unseeing. The glories of early morning, the splendor of the sunset sky, the majesty and grandeur of the everlasting hills, all appealed to her, and kept her true to her better self. "No," she said in answer to the suggestion that she should return to her old home; "no, I will not leave Jim, and he will not go. Up in the mountain yonder lies, he thinks, what will make us rich, and he will not give it up. It is an old story, several times repeated, of great hopes to be followed by disappointment, and no doubt it will be so this time, but I cannot leave him alone. Yonder on the hillside is the body of our only boy, and"—with a choking sob—"I can't leave that either. It will all be right sometime," she added, the light of an unfaltering faith coming into her face and glorifying it into beauty.

Far enough from the commonplace was this life removed. I am coming to wonder if we have not made a mistake in the meaning of the word. Can beauty, can heroism, can self-abnegation ever be anything save beautiful, heroic, and unselfish, and are those qualities ever commonplace? There is, indeed, no such thing as a commonplace life, when that life is lived on the plane of persistent effort to do the duty lying nearest at hand without counting the cost in material, comfort and enjoyment to ourself. No matter what the surroundings may be; no matter if the road stretches out before the vision like a sand-blown path across a seemingly limitless plain, if duty leads the way, to the inner consciousness will come with its following an experience as far removed from the material commonplace as the world calls it, as the sunrise East is from the sunset West.

I do not know of anything which is doing more good in this country than the American Band of Mercy, which has its headquarters in Boston. Its pledge is in these few simple, but pregnant words: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." This means that thousands of animals will be protected in their rights, and spared from the tortures which man often inflicts upon the helpless creatures which come in their way.

Over thirteen thousand branches with eight hundred thousand members are now working in this direction, and the number is growing daily. It is one of the signs of the world's regeneration, one of the hopeful auguries for the future. No man, woman or child can enter into work like this without an individual growth into higher things. It is one of the glories attendant upon good works that the character of the doer is strengthened proportionately. Tenderness towards God's creatures of all kinds brings nearer the kingdom of universal love to the human heart.

Mothers would do well to encourage their children to become members of these Bands of Mercy. The smallest, if her babyhood has passed, may be made to understand what it means to be kind to animals, and to avoid the wanton infliction of pain. It will make them, as they grow up, become more and more alive to the rights of their fellow creatures. Their nature will be sweeter and tenderer, while in no sense weaker. Strength and tenderness are not incompatible, but the two added together make a character worthy of all admiration. The man who will go out of his way to prevent the suffering of an animal, is far more manly than he who scorns to think of caring for such a trifle.

In one of the numbers of The Century was a poem to commemorate a little incident that occurred in the war of the rebellion. Two companies, one of the blue and one of the gray, came face to face ready for the fray. Between them suddenly appeared a child, roused by the bugle blast out of her slumbers.

Nothing knowing of North and South,
Her dimpled finger within her mouth,
Her gathered apron with blossoms gay,
She stared at the guns of Company A.

Straightway set for a sign of truce
Whitely a handkerchief fluttered loose,
As front of the steel of the Southern gray
Galloped the captain of Company A.

To his saddle-bow he swung the child,
With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled,
While the boys in blue and the boys in gray
Cheered for the captain of Company A.

Forth from the ranks of his halted men,
While the wild hurrahs rang out again,
The Southern leader spurred his way
To meet the captain of Company A.

Out of the arms that held her safe
He took with a smile the little waif.
A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray,
And back rode the captain of Company A.

The child safe in its mother's arms,
the battle went on, carrying those two brave men to their death. Yet the tenderness of the strong men for the helpless little one well merits the poet's song to keep it in memory. It is the cultivation of a capacity for such deeds, that membership in the Band of Mercy subserves. May the influence of the organization broaden and deepen as the years go on. Of one thing there can be no doubt: The name of Geo. Y. Angell, to whose self-sacrificing labors is due its success, so far belongs in the list of heroes, whom the world delights to honor. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 5.

A lady in introducing her husband should give his name as, "this is my husband, Mr. Jones." If he has a title, she may use that in place of Mr., and in introducing relatives, the full name should be given, not, "this is my sister," or "my cousin Carrie;" people are not expected to know your sister's name, and it would be quite improper for a stranger to call your cousin "Carrie."

A young lady should merely bow upon being introduced, but in her own house, a lady usually greets a guest introduced by a mutual friend, more cordially, by shaking hands with them. A gentleman must wait for a lady to offer her hand before extending his.

Should you meet at a reception a lady whom you have before met, but who does not recognize you, give your name in a quiet, easy manner, and she will recall you at once. Never hand your own card to the hostess, as an introduction, send it by a servant, or not at all.

If a lady has a reception day, it should be given on her visiting card, and should she desire to see none but intimate friends, except upon that day, the servant who attends the door should be instructed to that effect. She can say, "Mrs. Blank is not at home, she receives on ——," her "at home" day, whatever it may be. Those who have no regular reception day should endeavor to receive callers at any time.

Calls of congratulation may be made within a few days after the announcement of an engagement, and within a month after the announcement of the birth of a child.

Calls of condolence are made by intimate friends within ten days, and after a month, by others. This is the rule that obtains, as to the time of making such calls, but a call made for the express purpose of condolence to bereaved friends, seems a most uncomfortable occasion to all parties concerned.

Call upon your friends after a proper time, and, while you will not, of course, indulge in the usual chat and gossip of an ordinary call, you can be cheerful and natural, and when the opportunity offers, express your sympathy in as few words as possible, and nine times out of ten you will leave your friends more comforted than if you made their sorrow the sole topic of conversation.

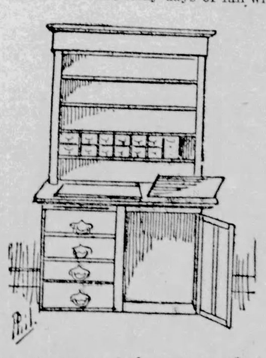
Occasionally there are times when we do not care for condolence, even from our friends, so do not always feel that you must attempt to offer it. Do not, for instance, say: "I know you must be feeling just dreadfully bad, because your son, or your relative has done wrong, or been so accused, and I felt I could not resist coming to tell you how sorry I am." Show by your actions that you are sorry for them instead. Or, do not go to one who has all he or she can possibly bear of trouble, and say: "I know it is none of my business, but is it true that so and so, has done the things I hear reported all over town?" If you do, not even the statement that usually follows such a speech, viz: "I want to know the truth because I am such a friend of yours," will prevent the person you address from thinking: "Verily, it is no business of yours, and I wish you had not come."

True politeness will prompt us at such times to think "what would seem kind to us, if we were in their place," and the rules of etiquette are intended solely as a guide to true politeness.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sofa Cushion.—Make the cover of blue denim, to fit a cushion of the size wanted. Embroider in short and long buttonhole stitch, a conventionalized pattern, such as overlapping rings, leaves, or a flower, in rope silk of two shades. The lining may be of the blue denim left plain, or of silk like the ruffle. The latter is to be made of silk the color of one of the shades of the rope silk, made double and about three inches wide when finished. The flowers or figures may be connected with zigzag lines done in etching stitch, the rope silk used being either a still darker shade than the others used, or of some contrasting color.

I inclose cuts of convenient kitchen cup-board. As the rainy days of fall will



soon commence perhaps some of the Household sons or husbands might like to make one for home.

Fancy Box.—Cut four oblong pieces of cardboard and round one of the long sides of each uniformly. Cover them with a small-figured India silk, having first outlined the figures with Japanese gold thread. Line each piece with a silk of contrasting color. Join the pieces and sew in the bottom, which has been covered, both sides, with the lining silk. Put a puff of the plain silk over the joined corners, catching it down with beads or jewels. Have a row of beads around the top, which has been outlined by a a narrow band of velvet. Put beads on the lower edge of the velvet band, also. The lining may be put in after the pieces are sewed together, which will make it less difficult to put in the beads neatly. A handsome bow of ribbon may be put on one of the sides. This box is pretty to stand upon a dressing bureau.

By any one who can paint, a pretty box may be made of glass. Have pieces cut the proper size, two squares for bottom and cover, and oblong for the sides, with holes made through the edges to tie them together. Paint a pretty pattern upon top and sides. Use ribbon or card to fasten them together in box form.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stich; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Knitted Heart Lace.—Cast on 15 stitches. 1st row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—o t—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—o t—n—k 1—o t—k 2. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 6—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—o t—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 3—o t—n—k 5. 4th row—Bind off 2—k 4—p 10—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—o t—n—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 5—o t—n—k 1—o t—k 2. 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 14—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o t—k 3 tog—k 9—k 3 tog—o t—n—k 5. 8th row—Bind off 2—k 4—p 12—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o t—k 3 tog—k 7—k 3 tog—o t—n—k 1—o t—k 2. 10th row—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 10—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 11th row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o—k 3 tog—k 5—k 3 tog—o t—n—k 5. 12th row—Bind off 2—k 4—p 8—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 13th row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o t—k 3 tog—k 3—k 3 tog—o t—n—k 1—o t—k 2. 14th—Like second row. 15th row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o t—k 3 tog—k 4 tog—draw second stitch on right-hand needle over the last one knitted—o t—n—k 5. 16th row—Bind off 2—k 4—p 2—k 1—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. Repeat from second row.

Correspondence.

A Good Suggestion from an Interested Mother.—I have been a constant reader of The Blade for eight years. In all this time our faithful editor has given us such wholesome reading matter that I think it nothing but right that we should show our appreciation of the same. Her sensible editorials are a source of pleasure and profit. They are capable of helping us in many ways. I want to make a suggestion to the editor, and the mothers whose children have joined the "Blade Temperance Legion." We can't do too much for our dear boys and girls to shield them from the evils of intemperance. How would it strike you to have the editor get up a "Blade Temperance Legion" certificate, with the pledge plainly printed thereon, and a space left for the child's name? I believe every mother would get one for each of her children. We could frame them and hang them in the children's bedrooms. It is well to remind them of the pledge they have taken. I think this silent monitor the plan to adopt. Let The Blade get them up as soon as it can. Sell them as cheap as they can afford. What say you, mothers? If you approve of my plan, let us hear from you at once through the columns of the Household. They would make nice Christmas presents for our children. —An Interested Mother.

She Agrees with Jean Hunt.—I wish to say to Jean Hunt that I agree with her about her way of caring for babies. I think it is positively cruel to let a little teething baby go without a drink of water all day, as I have seen many do. Cool water, given once in a while, especially when the baby's gums are swollen, and the mouth hot and feverish, relieves and makes baby better natured, and often when restless in the night, a drink of water will cause baby to lie down and go to sleep at once.

To the tired mothers who read the Household I would say: Take courage; look on the bright side of life, and count your blessings instead of your troubles. With children to care for, and all the household work to do, I know you some times get discouraged, and think you have it a little harder than any one else; but stop and think. If the little child faces were gone from you, would you not the burdens of life be harder to bear than they are now? Self pity is the worst thing in the world for any one, so do not fall into the habit of it, but rather think how much more fortunate you are than some others.—South Dakota Mother.

A Very Excellent Suggestion.—I have been thinking of writing an article on "Flower Work for Men"—an argument in my simple way for men to cultivate roses on their home lots in preference to cultivating them on their noses; in other words, more time spent in flower gardens and less in saloons. Can you think this an appropriate subject for the Household?—Frank C. Y.

A Most Delightful Prospect.—I have been out in the bright sunshine, enjoying it and the pure, bracing air of my Washington home, and I thought how much I would like to have our editor here to enjoy it with me. I am sure she could spend several weeks with us and not get tired of the natural attractions, even if she should tire of the people. And would not you all who live between Toledo and Washington be glad to have her make you a visit also? I am sure of it, and so write that if she will come we will make her journey both ways a succession of such welcomes from her friends of the Household as was never yet accorded to any Presidential candidate on his tour "around the circle." Who agrees with me?—Washington Admirer.

A. M. S.—You have abundance of material for a very handsome dress. Rip up the black satin pleated skirt, dampen and press upon the wrong side so as to take out the creases. Make a skirt, plain front and sides, and fan back of the plain satin. Cut the polonaise into a short basque, pointed front and back. Make full uppers to the sleeves. Put panniers on the hips of the brocade goods. To make panniers take a strip of paper eighteen or twenty-four inches wide and a yard or more long. Pleat it to fit the waist and then pleat up the ends and bring them up to the waist. The lower edge should not draw. Keep trying until you get them to fit gracefully, then make them out of the cloth. Edge the lower edge of the pannier with fringe, lace or a pleating of the goods; or it can go plain. Place a ruffle, or several of them, upon the bottom of the skirt. Upon the points of the basque sew long loops and ends of No. 12 black satin ribbon. Finish the neck with a Medici collar or lace ruche and cascade lace down the front of the basque. To cascade lace, gather three times the length of the place where it is to be put, and sew on. Then lay the edges in graceful folds and tack into place.

The above is a pretty style if you are slender, but if you are stout do not make a pannier.

Correspondence Clippings.

Laura, I would say cuddle, caress and play with your baby to your heart's content, for they are never babies but once, and childhood seems so short. Any true, unselfish mother will like to have her children near her as much as it is possible. I have two healthy boys, one four and one eight years old. The oldest weighed 29 pounds when eleven months old. I do not think any two children have had more fondling and caressing than they had. We never let them sleep a night alone. If our boys grow to manhood, or even if mother should be gone, there will be pleasant memories of her, and if they should not pass childhood, what a consolation to us that we kept them near us as long as we could.—A. M.

I want to tell you that I tried the experiment suggested in the Household in August, of picking all of the leaves of a lilac bush, and it succeeded admirably. I picked the leaves on the 2nd of August, and to-day the bush is in full bloom again, just as pretty and fragrant as in the spring. I believe that the snow ball, flowering almond, and other spring flowers could be made to bloom in the same way.—Mrs. I. S. Henkle.

There were several young ladies, or, possibly, they were not so very young—one can not tell by the names signed—who have lately written for advice as to how they could earn some money. As I noticed the efforts of a friend sewing this morning, when she had to leave it so many times to wait upon her three little children, I thought why would it not be a profitable business for some one who has time, and desires to earn something, to take some of the neighbors' little children to amuse and care for for half a day, each day, or as many days as the mother would like to have them? If some kindergarten work could be used it would be well, if not, let her just give herself up to amusing them. They could each bring a little lunch from home, and most any mother would pay five or ten cents, or perhaps more, to know that the children would be well cared for while she would be free for sewing or extra house work. It would be a day nursery for children of a better class than those who usually attend a public institution of that kind, and who are not, for various reasons, able to attend a kindergarten. For a person who had a room in her home that could be used for this purpose, and thus save extra rent, five children at ten cents each for half a day's care, would net her $3 a week, as good wages as one could earn for much harder work in other ways.—S. F. W.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how to galvanize knives, forks and spoons, that are worn off?—L. K.

Will some one give some nice games for a Halloween party? What refreshments are suitable?—H. M. C.

Will Jean Hunt tell me what colors a medium shade of green worsted will take? Also, how shall I make over a black cashmere that is made bell-skirt, slashed and trimmed with gimp.—Lillian May.

I would like to ask Jean Hunt how a baby's bowels should be regulated, so as to need but few napkins? My boy is two years old and has from two to seven passages a day (averages four), while his health seems perfect.—A Mother.

Will some one of the sisters send plain directions for making a gentleman's watch chain out of hair?—J. M.

Will some one tell me what to send a namesake? Will Jean Hunt tell me how to cut a gored dress skirt, and also how to make a brown homespun dress for a girl of 14? Can some one tell me the reason that when raising my head up after I have been stooping over I become faint, blind and dizzy? And will some one send a remedy for it? Will some one tell me which one of the President's wives "Mary had a little lamb" was written for?—Pansy.

My father is 74 years old, and for the last 20 years he has been troubled with a breaking out on his face and arms, with great itching. Sometimes his eyes have been swollen nearly shut. It bothers him more during the summer and fall months. We think it started from poison in the marsh. Now, his skin feels dry and rough, and it seems to him as though there are living things crawling through it, and the itching is most unendurable, especially before a storm. We have given him blood medicines and used salves, but they have done no good. Can any one tell us of anything they have tried for such a trouble and been benefited?—E. B. C.

Will some one tell me how to color dried grasses for winter bouquets? Also, what is the style for parlor table covers, and what would be a nice decoration for an old-fashioned organ, of which the top or back runs up to a point?—Inez.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. A. L. R.—As we have repeatedly stated, we can not give addresses in this department for private correspondence.—Ed.

C. W. R.—It is not best for a lady to ask a gentleman for his photograph, nor offer to exchange photographs with him, unless he is a very intimate friend. 2nd.—If a gentleman's sister is your guest, it would be perfectly proper for you to invite him to take tea with her. —Ed.

Daisy M. D.—Your answer was very complete and well written, but as it was written on both sides of the paper, it could not be used.—Ed.

Widow writes—"Is red ever, under any circumstances, worn by one in mourning?" In England very dark red is considered as ceremonial mourning, and is worn at weddings, when some of the guests lay aside their black for that occasion. Even a widow wears it at the wedding of one of her immediate family.—Ed.

Mrs. Mary M. N.—We do not know of such a book. Write to some large publishing house for information.—Ed.

"School Girl."—The poem commencing "Not a drum was heard," was written by Charles Wolfe, entitled "The Burial of Sir John Moore." Moore was an English general, and was born in 1761, and died in Corunna, Spain, 1809. —Emma Aznoe.

Similar answers to the question have been sent by "H. J. K." Nettie Houser, Annie Wilson, Arca Hall, Eleanor and others.—Ed.

Flora C. Rene.—I think your navy blue cloth dress would be nice made with a plain bell or cornet skirt, and a long coat basque, with or without a vest. Trim it either with black passementerie, astrachan or fur. As it is cloth finish all the edges of the basque by binding with silk braid. Use extra care to press all seams or it will have a home made look.

Recipes.

With September, a month with an "r" in it, comes the favorite sea food, oysters, and judging from the numerous recipes sent in to the Household, they are always welcome. We give a few reliable recipes for preparing them in different ways:

Oysters on the Half Shell.—Allow 6 oysters to each person. Wash the shells and carefully take off the upper half. Detach the oyster from the lower half of the shell, but leave it on it. Put six on an oyster or other round plate, and serve with a piece of lemon in the center of the dish.

Stewed Oysters.—Drain in a colander, and wash by pouring cold water over them, 50 oysters. Put 1-2 cupful of sifted bread crumbs into 1 pt. of water and let them cook 5 minutes; then add the oysters, and when boiling hot add 1 pt. of cream, 1 tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Let the whole boil up once, and serve. For those whose stomachs will not retain milk, 1 pt. of hot water may be used in place of the cream.—Mrs. Rogers.

Broiled Oysters.—Lay the oysters on a board, dry with a towel, season on both sides with salt and pepper. When your gridiron is so hot that a drop of water on it will hiss, cover it with oysters; as soon as browned on one side, turn them and brown on the other side. Have ready a heated dish with a small piece of butter melted in it; put your oysters in the dish, and serve at once. A wire broiler is best for this, as all the oysters can be turned at once.—Bridget Maloney.

Corn Oysters.—Score 12 ears of corn down the center of each row of grains, and with a dull knife press out the pulp. To each pt. of pulp allow 2 eggs, 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, 1-2 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of black pepper. Beat the eggs separately, add first the yolks and then the whites to the corn, mix, then add the other ingredients and mix again. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and when it is smoking hot drop the mixture by spoonfuls into it. Brown on both sides and serve very hot.

Sweet Peach Pickles.—To every 7 lbs. of fruit use 1 pt. vinegar and 3 lbs. sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, and some stick cinnamon. Make a syrup of the sugar and vinegar and pour over fruit. Let stand over night; pour off and scald, and pour over fruit the second time. Next morning put fruit and all on fire and let it get scalding hot, then seal up. They are fine and will keep for years in cool, dark place.—Kit.

Seward, Orange Cake.—Two cupfuls sugar, whites of 8 eggs, 3-4 cupful butter, 1 cupful milk, 3 1-2 cupfuls flour. Beat sugar and butter to a cream; sift flour two or three times with baking powder; beat eggs thoroughly, and add last. This makes a very nice cake. Bake half the batter white, and add a little red sugar to the other for alternate layers to be pink. Put in a little flour, about the same amount as of the pink sugar, as it makes it richer, or it might fall. Filling can be cocoanut, chocolate or this:

Orange Filling—Juice and rind of 2 oranges, 2 tablespoonfuls cold water, 2 cupfuls sugar. Set pan in a larger pan of boiling water; scald the yolks of 2 eggs in this; before taking from the fire stir in the white of 1 egg, slightly beaten. When cold, put on cake. The white of the other egg use to frost the top. It can be tinted with the pink sugar.—Mrs. Morris.

To the lady who asked for a peach pickle recipe I will say that I have tried this and know it is reliable: 8 lbs. of fruit, 4 lbs. of sugar, 1 qt. vinegar. Boil the sugar and vinegar, put in a few peaches at a time with a clove in each peach. Clingstones require a little more cooking than free stones. Take out when skin begins to wrinkle, place in jar, put in others, till all are cooked. Boil down the syrup to 1-2 original quantity and pour over the peaches. Seal while hot. The same syrup will do for more peaches, or other fruit when the peaches are eaten.—Poppy.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

STORY TOLD BY ONE WOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money—Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

In selecting plants for window gardening out look of your windows must first be considered. Some plants must have all the sunshine possible to make them grow while others need very little. A south or east window is preferable, but even a north window can be made beautiful by choosing suitable plants. Again, if your windows are small, or if there should be but one window in a room, you will need to keep none but dwarf plants, in order that the light and sunshine may not be kept from the room, for much as we love our plants, we must not let them monopolize all of this. Should you have a window opening on an unpleasant view, or one that is very close to your neighbor's house, it would be a very nice way of combining usefulness and beauty by training vines so as to cover the window on the inside. A narrow box placed on the window sill and filled with vines will soon make a screen that will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever—as long as it lasts at any rate.

Boxes made to fit the window and placed on a level with the sill, are more convenient to care for than when the plants are grown in separate pots. This will not allow room for so many plants as when shelves are placed across the window, but it is much better to have a few, well-cared for plants than a great many that have sometimes to be neglected for lack of time to properly attend to them. These boxes should have two or three small holes bored in the bottom, at one end, then covered for an inch with finely powdered charcoal. This not only enriches the soil, but is a preventative against mould. Above this the box should be filled to within an inch of the top with good, rich soil mixed with 1-3 sand, to prevent its hardening.

The box can be fastened to the window with brackets made of strips of wood. Under it, and reaching to the window sill should be placed a piece of oil cloth to protect the carpet and the wall under the window when the flowers are watered. A good selection of plants for a window box would be—in the center, a winter blooming fuchsia, either the speciosa, which has crimson and white flowers, or the serratifolia, with its corolla and petals of two shades of crimson. These will bloom every month under favorable circumstances. Next to the center plant place some silver-leaved geraniums, pinching the flower buds so that you will have a stronger growth of the foliage; next some plants of the dwarf geraniums, and at the corners, different varieties of the Chinese primroses, which bloom constantly. If your box is long enough to admit of it, an ivy, either the hard wood or German ivy, could be planted in each end, and trained up the sides and across the top of the window. Side brackets can hold a pot of some blossoming plant, or drooping vines, which could also be planted at the front edge of the window box. In a north or northeastern window, mignonette, pansies, and other plants that do not require so much sun, could be planted. And do not forget that if you can not have roses and fuchias, you can have as lovely a window if your plants slip from your petunias, verbenas, pansies and other garden plants, and morning-glory seeds, or a sweet potato suspended over a vase with the ends just touching the water, will furnish you with vines, and these humble window friends among the plants will respond to good care, and with less care will give better returns in the way of flowers than many of the more expensive varieties.

Dahlias.—Our beautiful dahlias are gone. Jack Frost has been here, and they show his tracks by their blackened looks and generally wilted appearance. Mine have been in bloom since July. They were started in the house the last of March. When well sprouted they were put in the open ground. They require a rich soil, and lots of water, for if they become dry they will stop blooming. Now, the last of September, they are pulled up and are lying in the sunshine, where at night they will be covered. In a few days they will be ready to cut off the stalks and put in a dry cellar, where they will remain until spring; then the tubers will be separated and planted out as before. Leave about six inches of the stalk on the tubers this fall to insure against rot.

Gladioli.—Pull up your gladioli and do with them as you did with your dahlias, cutting the stalk the same distance from the bulb. The middle of October is time enough unless the weather is very cold. If so, take care of your bulbs sooner, for they must not be touched by frost if expected to keep well. The gladioli should be planted in spring at the time of corn planting, and the same kind of soil suits them—"soft, mellow and rich." They can be started the same as dahlias, if one wants a succession of bloom, but it is well to pot them in small pots, so as not to disturb the roots at resetting in the spring.

Gladioli are prettier if planted in clusters or rows, than if scattered all over the garden.

Tigridias.—This is another pretty bulb for our garden. Treat the same as dahlia. Plant as early as you can, so as to give a long season of bloom. The flower is shaped some like the amaryllis, and is very handsome. It is composed of a calyx and corolla, each having three leaves, the sepals being large, and of a lemon color, the petals small and darker with spots on them. It is called the tiger flower on that account. A new flower opens each morning, remaining but a few hours.—Cathy M.

Tasks That Must be Done.

Nature has assigned important tasks to the liver and the bowels, and being mutually dependent upon each other for the regular and adequate discharge of these tasks, a cessation of work by one causes the other to lapse into inactivity. The tasks of secretion and evacuation must be performed, or the system is poisoned and disordered. Moreover, fatal inflamation of the bowels or abscess of the liver are apt to ensue if inaction of these organs is allowed to go unheeded. The dangerous tendency should be checked at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious specific and laxative without a peer. Never does this medicine cause a qualm of the stomach or uneasiness of the bowels. It does its reformatory work pleasantly though with reasonable activity. It prevents malaria and rheumatic disease, kidney complaints, and relieves dyspepsia and nervousness.

A HARD-WORKING WOMAN.

All day she hurried to get through,
The same as lots of wimmin' do;
Sometimes at night her husband said,
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"
An' then she'd kinder give a stitch,
An' pause half-way between a stitch,
An sorter sigh, an' say that she
Was ready as she'd ever be.
She reckoned.

An' so the years went, one by one,
An' somehow she was never done;
An' when the angel said, as how
"Mis' Smith it's time you rested now,"
She sorter raised her eyes to look
A second, as a stitch she took;
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she,
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,
I reckon."

—Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer has restored gray hair to its original color and prevented baldness in thousands of cases. It will do so with you.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

A Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along,
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stand aside to let you pass,
He always shuts the door.
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can.
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
After or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.
—Margaret Sangster in Harper's Young People.

For the Young Folks.

UNDER THE SUNFLOWERS.

PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

"Four soft paws had little Kitty," sang Janey. She lay on her back in the shade of the fence-corner. On her breast a tiny black kitten lay purring loudly. The sunshine was hot, oh, so hot, that the insects kept up an incessant murmur of delight. But the sunflowers were the proudest sun-worshipers of all. They tossed and flaunted their gay heads, not one whit abashed, not they! And capturing every sunbeam they became such a blaze of yellow that the daisies' golden hearts seemed pale by contrast, so that the poor things hung their heads in very shame.

But the child sang on merrily, her voice very shrill and sweet.

"Four white teeth had little kitty;
Teeth white as snow.
And they the little mousie,
Long time ago."

The kitten stretched itself luxuriously, then crouched down. A spring, and there was the end of the luckless grasshopper.

"Oh, you bad, bad cat!" cried the child, but the kitten merely blinked its green eyes, and washed its face with a wee pink tongue.

"Hullo, little 'un," cried a pleasant voice.

Janie sat erect so suddenly that the kitten tumbled down into her lap with an injured mien.

A young man stood on the other side of the fence, smiling down upon her. "Can I come over and see you?" he asked.

And then as Janie nodded shyly, he swung himself lightly over the fence, and sat down beside her.

He began to tickle the kitten's nose with a blade of grass.

Janie laughed delightedly, and the young man laughed also, with frank good humor.

"Tell me a story," commanded Janie.

The young man lay flat on his back; he clasped his hands behind his head, tilted his hat over his eyes and chewed the blade of grass reflectively. Near the horizon some clouds were rising. What a brilliant white they were! He remembered that some one had told him when he was a little child that clouds were only mist, and would not last. He smiled a little to think how he had cried, and then he sighed a little.

Janie moved restlessly. She was impatient for the story.

"Oh, you wanted a story, didn't you," cried the young man.

"Well," he commenced, "once upon a time there was a little girl, and her name was——. Let's see, what's your name?"

"Janie," answered the child.

"Well, this little girl's name was Janie, too," continued the young man, "and one day she, too, lay on the grass under the sunflowers, and as she looked up at the them, the breeze blew the largest and yellowest one to pieces, so that the petals fluttered down, and lay like bits of gold on the ground. This made the little girl feel very sorry for the flower, and she stood up on tiptoe, and drawing it down to her, kissed its brown center very softly, for there were only three petals remaining to it. Just then two of them were blown away by the breeze, and as they fell, a little creature with wings like golden gauze stood as though on tip-toe for flight from the center of the sunflower, on which it had suddenly appeared. It looked down at Janie with the tiniest, prettiest face in the world, and sprinkled some of the yellow dust of the sunflower down on her.

And then, Janie's great astonishment, she felt herself grow very light, so light that she floated up and hovered over the flower, and knew herself to be no longer a little girl, but a tiny winged creature. And when the last petal fluttered off she found herself and the other little being flying away.

Up, up, they flew. At last Janie looked down and saw a black ball spinning around far below them. Now, she had not yet spoken to her companion, because she was afraid, but when she saw that she was so curious that she lost all fear and asked what it was.

"Oh, that is only the earth!" answered her companion.

Still they flew higher and higher, and the air grew thinner and less blue, until at last it was no more.

Then Janie perceived that there was a great stillness, and that everywhere was a white, radiating light, which was so bright that she put her little hands up to her eyes. But the silence grew so great that she turned in affright to her companion, and then she was so surprised by what she saw that she forgot to be frightened, for the little creature with her had lost all its color, and, turning silvery white, grew more and more transparent till at last it faded entirely away. And then Janie heard a voice, speaking like a tiny silver bell:

"I was the soul of the sunflower, and when I was released I became but an atom to help make perfect the great soul of all things."

The young man paused.

"Oh!" cried Janie, "what happened then?"

The young man laughed at the little excited face.

"Oh, Janie fell to earth again, with such a shock that she awoke and found she had been dreaming," he said.

"Oh, dear!" cried Janie, "then it wasn't a really-truly story!"

"It Takes Two to Make a Quarrel."

Polly Shaw and Ruby Mills had been playing happily for a long time under the "Harvey" tree.

They had put a new face on "Ansafire" (Anna Sophia), Polly's great rag dolly. She had two new, black, shining eyes,—buttons that Polly cut off her own boots,—a fine long nose drawn with a bit of smutty coal which Ruby hunted out of the ashbarrel, and Polly had painted her cheeks and mouth with a ripe strawberry, turning up the corners of the mouth a little, which gave her a very sweet expression, so Ruby declared.

But the crowning wonder was her hair. Polly and Ruby had hunted everywhere to find something suitable; then Ruby thought of brother Tom's red squirrel skins in the till of the old chest in Tom's room over the kitchen.

Forthwith the girls got them, and shearing off the bushy tails, sewed them on Ansafire's head.

Then Ruby arranged the little green table, and sat down to tea with Polly, tired out with her efforts to be hospitable. The dolls all stood in a row against a board.

But the little girls had worked too hard. They were fractious. Polly wanted to begin with the pies—strawberries pressed between two leaves—and the bit of honeycomb. Ruby would not hear to it, and shortly a quarrel arose.

Polly upset the table, dishes and all, into the grass, and Ruby pulled the squirrel's tails from Ansafire's head, and threw them, with Ansafire herself, into the top of the "Pumpkin Sweet" tree, and ran into the kitchen to Aunt Comf

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

CEREAL PRODUCTION.

Ohio Leads in the Area Devoted to Cereals, with the Gopher State Second Figures for the Agriculturist.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The census bureau has issued a bulletin on cereal production in 1889 in Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota. It shows that in Michigan the total area devoted to cereals was 3,891,686 acres, of which 99,305 were devoted to barley; 70,046 to buckwheat, 894,597 to corn, 1,085,759 to oats, 140,740 to rye and 1,501,225 to wheat. The product was 2,522,376 bushels of barley, 811,977 bushels of buckwheat, 28,185,579 bushels of corn, 36,961,193 bushels of oats, 2,101,713 bushels of rye and 24,771,171 bushels of wheat.

There was a decrease of about 823,000 acres for the decade in the area devoted to cereals, except which there was a decrease of 321,524 acres in wheat.

In Ohio the total area devoted to cereals was 6,785,280 acres, producing 1,509,914 bushels of barley, 162,833 bushels of buckwheat, 11,392,312 bushels of corn, 40,136,732 bushels of oats, 1,007,156 bushels of rye, and 35,559,208 bushels of wheat.

Since 1879 there has been an increase of 335,000 acres in the area devoted to oats and rye, and a decrease of 307,000 acres in the area devoted to barley, buckwheat, corn and wheat.

In 1889 Kentucky had 4,556,998 acres devoted to cereals as compared with 4,695,230 in 1879. The product for the year 1889 is given as 165,959 bushels of barley, 3,804 bushels of buckwheat, 2,960,382 bushels of corn, 8,775,814 bushels of oats, 423,847 bushels of rye, and 1,707,745 bushels of wheat. There was an increase of 241,000 acres in the area in oats, and a decrease of 381,000 in the other cereals.

In the Northwest.

In Wisconsin the total area devoted to the cultivation of cereals in 1889 was 4,319,002 acres, as compared with 4,327,294 acres in 1879. There was an increase of 270,579 acres in the area in barley, of 45,341 acres in buckwheat, of 104,948 acres in corn, of 671,554 acres in oats, and of 100,354 acres in rye. This total increase of 1,195,738 acres was, however, more than offset acres was, however, more than offset by a decrease of the 1,204,000 acres or 61.81 per cent in the area in wheat. The product in 1889 was 15,225,872 bushels of wheat, 1,064,178 bushels of buckwheat, 34,024,216 bushels of corn, 60,739,052 bushels of oats, 4,250,582 bushels of rye and 11,698,922 bushels of wheat.

In Minnesota the total area in 1889 was 6,297,044 acres as compared with 4,234,187 acres in 1879. There was an increase of 242,490 acres in the area in barley, of 15,413 acres in buckwheat, of 462,953 acres in corn, of 951,769 acres in oats, of 49,253 acres in rye, and of 327,557 acres in wheat.

In twenty counties, principally in the southeast part of the state there was a total decrease of 1,365,390 acres in the area in wheat. The product in 1889 is given as follows in bushels: Barley, 9,100,653; buckwheat, 251,705; corn, 24,636,446; oats, 49,955,751; rye, 1,252,663; wheat, 52,300,247.

In North Dakota the total area in cereals in 1889 was 3,233,093 acres as compared with 106,505 acres in the corresponding portion of Dakota Territory in 1879. There was an increase of 107,114 acres in the area in barley, of 114 acres in buckwheat, of 11,051 acres in corn, of 384,409 acres in oats, of 1,568 acres in rye, and of 2,623,345 acres in wheat. The product in 1889 in bushels is given as follows: Barley, 1,569,167; buckwheat, 939; corn, 183,920; oats, 5,769,524; rye, 2,708,199; wheat, 20,388,455.

In South Dakota the total area in cereals in 1889 was 3,101,604 acres, as compared with 346,733 acres in the corresponding portion of Dakota Territory in 1879. There was an increase of 83,772 acres in barley, of 1,273 acres in buckwheat, of 663,386 acres in corn, of 520,414 acres in oats, of 6,844 acres in rye, and of 2,079,402 acres in wheat. As in the case of North Dakota, the production of cereals in this state in 1889 was considerably reduced by drouth.

The product in 1889 is stated to be as follows: Barley, 902,005; buckwheat, 11,423; corn, 13,152,008; oats, 7,469,846; rye, 65,183; wheat, 16,541,138.

PRESIDENT SADLY AFFLICTED.

Mrs. Harrison is Thought to Be Beyond Recovery.

Washington, Oct. 6.—A cloud of despondency has gathered about the executive mansion, for the President, his family and his intimate friends now realize that Mrs. Harrison is beyond recovery. They have fought against that belief for many weeks past, and the physicians have sought to hold out hope, but the truth has at last been faced, and they are convinced now that no earthly skill can bring the sufferer back to health. The mental and physical strain upon the President during the past two months has been very great, and has left its mark upon him. Mr. Harrison is a most domestic man, and his devotion to his family is one of the beautiful features of his life.

Since the day he first realized the fact that his wife was critically ill, the President has been a constant watcher at her bedside. After her return from Loon Lake there was an apparent change for the better, but the President was among the first to discover that the improvement was only temporary. In spite of the encouraging reports and of the expressions of Dr. Gardner, the devoted husband knew that the end must come, and that at no distant day. Yesterday at the Cabinet meeting Mr. Harrison, for the first time, spoke of the great affliction which is hanging over him. His advisers considerately withdrew, seeing that he was too deeply moved to discuss the affairs of state under such trying circumstances.

A STATION AT PAGO-PAGO.

United States Finally Succeeds in Its Designs.

Washington, Oct. 5.—At last the United States is in a position to establish the long desired naval coaling station at Samoa. During the ugly complications there, growing out of the claim of Germany to supremacy on the islands, and after the destruction of the United States fleet by the hurricane, the old concession to the United States of the harbor of Pago-Pago was revived and Congress appropriated $100,000 for the establishment of a coaling station at that place.

It was necessary to acquire 25 acres needed for the station, but it was found that there were numerous claimants for the ownership of the tracts of lands, and to save controversy and time the government was obliged to buy up all the adverse claims, paying $5,000 for them. The remainder of the appropriation will be applied to the purchase of lands adjoining the station proper for the garrison that may eventually be quartered at the station. The remaining funds will be applied to the construction of a landing wharf, plans for which have recently been completed.

The State department at Washington is informed that the port of Colon has been opened conditionally to vessels from the United States, Great Britain and France.

President Harrison has appointed Ambrose H. Hill, of Ercondigo, Cal., a special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to Indians, under the act of February 8, 1887.

2 DOSES 25c THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. COUGH CURE 25c 50c & $1.00

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, affecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

WAGE FIGURES.

Furnished by the British Board of Trade—Wages Paid in England and This Country Compared.

Washington, Oct. 10.—(Special.)—Information received here from London shows that the British board of trade joins other statistical authorities in demolishing the cause of free trade in this country by its elaborate official reports of the wages paid in factories, mines, gas and water works, and public employments. These show, and we quote from this year's report, that the high st wages paid to men alone, in any of the occupations, are nowhere near the average paid in this country to men, women and children.

The highest wages paid to men in any of the occupations mentioned in the board's report are $6.06, in lace-making, but boys get $2.27, women $3.08, and girls $1.50. Considering the proportions of each employed, the average for all who are engaged in that manufacture is but $3.70 per week. Yet it is but a few days since the report of the Massachusetts labor bureau was published, showing an average of 2.65 per cent in amount of wages paid in 1891 compared with 1890, and an average for men, women and children in all employments of $440.90 yearly. This means an average of $8.50 per week. But little earlier the New York report showed an advance of about five per cent in 1891, and an average for men, women and children in all employments of $451.89 yearly. The rate in these two states with their vast manufacturing development fairly established the current rate for the older portions of this country, where wages are naturally lower than in the more recently settled states.

Wages Paid to Women.

The wages paid to women in the British cotton manufactures are somewhat higher than those above mentioned, named by $3.1 per week, against $6.13 1-2 for men, $2.27 for boys, and $1.66 for girls, and the average for all, allowing for the proportions of each employed is about $3.74 per week, which is again far below the average for all occupations in Massachusetts or New York. In the British woolen mills men average $5.63 weekly, boys $2.06, women $2.22, and girls $1.80, so that the average for all, considering the proportions of each class employed is about $3.62, but this is still further below the American rate for all classes. American protection will be maintained by the American people, if they are fully informed as to facts like these.

Manufactures of silk hosiery in this country have made wonderful strides within the past year or two. Of course there are very few domestic firms engaged in the production of these goods, but those who make a specialty of them have reason to be greatly encouraged. They make an article of superior merit at a comparatively low price. Their sales, therefore, have steadily increased. The underwear trade is moving along briskly, and it is believed by every one that the year will wind up with an unprecedentedly large business.

Attributed to Protection.

All this, to be sure, is attributed to the beneficent effect of the protective tariff. "It is all nonsense," remarked the representative of a leading domestic underwear manufacturer recently, "to assert that a protective duty increases the price of products affected by it. On the contrary, protection from foreign competition has enabled the domestic manufacturer by his increased product materially to lessen expenses, and thereby to bring his goods to consumers at very much lower prices. Knit shirts and drawers which in 1890 sold at $3.25 a dozen are selling to-day at $3.12 1-2 per dozen. Goods that were sold for $10 per dozen in 1890 are now selling at $9.50. In 1890 an Amsterdam manufacturer sold certain goods for $7.50 per dozen, now he is getting the same goods for $7.25. There is no doubt about this reduction, and the consumer gets the benefit of it.

DONS THE JUDICIAL ERMINE.

Justice Shiras Takes His Seat on the Supreme Bench.

Washington, Oct. 10.—Many friends of George Shiras, jr., of Pittsburg, were present this morning when the Supreme court assembled for its October term, to witness his induction into office. As soon as the court crier had formally opened court Chief Justice Fuller addressing himself to the members of the bar present said: "It gives me pleasure to announce to the members of the bar that since the adjournment of this court the existing vacancy has been filled by the appointment of Mr. George Shiras, jr., of Pennsylvania. Mr. Shiras is present and prepared to take the oath."

By direction of the chief justice, Mr. McKenna, clerk of the court, then read the commission and administered the oath of office. The judicial oath had been written in manuscript, and the new justice read therefrom in a low but clear voice.

He then kissed the Bible tendered him by Mr. McKenna, and was escorted to his chair on the end of the bench, to the left of Justice Brewer, the members of the court and spectators rising to welcome him. He made an old-fashioned, rather low bow to his new associates, and then took his seat on the bench, Justice Brewer greeting him with a shake of the hand.

A NATIONAL QUARANTINE LAW.

Secretary Charles Foster Thinks One Will Be Provided.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Before he left Washington for the West, Secretary Chas. Foster reviewed the work of the Treasury department in the cholera emergency, and expressed his approval of all that had been done by the department to establish quarantine and keep the plague out of the United States. He outlined the probable course of the department for the future, subject to the action which Congress may take at its meeting next December.

It is likely that the secretary, in his annual report to Congress, will make a recommendation that steps be taken for the establishment of a national quarantine to take the place of the state quarantines maintained under the existing law. In fact, there is no doubt that the President, in his annual message to Congress, will make this recommendation, and very little doubt that some action to this end will be taken.

—Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla doesn't do handsomely then nothing does. Have you ever tried it?

THE STRIP CLEAR OF CATTLE.

It Will Likely be Opened for Settlement Next Spring.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—Zack Mulhall, of Mulhall, I. T., who is in the city, is authority for the statement that the Cherokee strip is now clear of cattle. Mr. Mulhall is connected with the stock department of the Santa Fe road, and therefore sees both sides of the matter.

Said he: "The Cherokee strip is now clean of cattle from one end to the other for the first time since white men visited that country, and it will probably remain so. Boomers have burned all the grass, so there would be no show there for cattle this winter, even should any attempt to return. According to what has been said the government wants to throw it open for settlement next spring, but that won't affect cattlemen. They don't want any more Cherokee strip, especially when there is only about half of it worth anything, and that will be crowded by settlers."

THE HIGHBINDERS AT WORK.

Fears of Foul Play in the Case of Mr. Lu Hing.

St. Louis, Oct. 6.—Lu Ling, a Chinaman, has mysteriously disappeared, and it is feared that he has met with foul play at the hands of Chinese highbinders. He is the principal witness in a case which is on the docket for trial in the first district Police court next Tuesday, and also a minor witness in a case of assault to kill awaiting trial in the criminal court.

Without him the defendants in both cases, Joe Sang, in the former, and Ham Tong and Lee Tung, in the latter, may escape punishment. It is asserted that highbinders are responsible for Ling's disappearance. He told the police some days ago they threatened to kill him if he testified against his countrymen.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

THEY OBJECT TO FUSION.

Straight-Out Democratic Convention in Kansas.

Topeka, Kas., Oct. 7.—The anti-fusion straight-out, or bolting Democrats of Kansas, met here to-day in state convention. The convention has been anticipated with joy by the Republicans and with corresponding misgiving by the Populists and fusion Democrats, for upon its action it is generally conceded that the fate of the fusion ticket depends. The convention was called by A. A. Harris, J. G. Lowe, C. P. Spencer, J. S. Emery, Ed. M. Hewins, Samuel Clark, J. B. Cronch, on September 15, after an unsuccessful attempt to hold a similar convention at Herrington. The objects of the convention were set out in the call, which are as follows:

To the Democratic voters of the state of Kansas:—There is widespread dissatisfaction throughout this state at the action of the Democratic state convention of July 6, in refusing to maintain the Democratic organization of the state by placing in nomination state officers, especially in nominating the already nominated candidates of another political organization not in harmony with Democratic principles or precedents. By the action of the convention, you are not only deprived of opportunity of directly expressing your approbation of the wisdom, distinguished services and exalted patriotism of the worthy successor of Jefferson and Tilden, Grover Cleveland, but an attempt was also made to deliver you to a hostile political organization, which, if successful, would destroy our party in the state and bring disaster and ruin to the material interests of our people. While we acquiesce in the action of the convention with reference to the electoral ticket, we protest against its action as to the state ticket as unprecedented and unrevolutionary. No Democrat is bound thereby.

To the end that the credit and the good name of our state and people may be preserved and the principles of our party upheld, at the request of many Democrats we hereby call a conference of those Democrats who do not intend to support the state ticket of the so-called People's party, to be held in the senate chamber in the city of Topeka on Friday, the 7th day of October.

GONE DEMOCRATIC AS USUAL.

More Bourbons Than Ever Down in Florida.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 5.—Conservative estimate show that Mitchell (Dem.) has a majority in all, ranging from 3,000 in Hillsborough (his home county) to 20 in Baker county, where the third party hoped for a victory by 100 majority. The footings of the estimated majorities indicate that Mitchell's majority in the state is not far from 25,000. His vote will probably run to 31,000, and Baskin's will not exceed 6,000.

Complete Returns.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 6.—Special to the American from Atlanta, Ga., says: Complete returns from Georgia give Northen a majority of 70,177.

IT IS FUSION IN MICHIGAN.

Democratic and People's Party Combine on the Legislature.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 10.—The Democrats have gone into a combination with the Populists on the legislative candidates, the object being, it is said, to control, if possible, the choice of a United States Senator by the next legislature. They have endorsed each other's nominations in twenty-six cases so far, and the legislative nominations are not all made yet.

The understanding is that where the Populist candidates were first named, as they have been in most of the districts, they shall be at liberty to vote as their first choice for Eugene Belden for United States Senator. When his candidacy becomes helpless, they are then to support the Democratic candidate, who will probably be Governor Winans.

GREAT POLITICAL SENSATION.

Wisconsin's Leading German Organ Comes Out for Spooner.

Milwaukee, Oct. 8.—The Germania, the organ of the German Lutherans of Wisconsin, comes out flat-footed for John C. Spooner and John C. Koch. A greater political sensation, and one so far reaching in its effect, was never before known in the state.

The paper editorially renounces Peck, declares the Bennett law question settled forever, and lauds Spooner and Koch. It means the support of the Germania for the whole Republican ticket. The Germania was the front and center of the Bennett law opposition two years ago.

DEMOCRATIC PLAN EXPOSED.

Intended to Steal the Electoral Vote of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.—A Nevins Pomeroy, editor of the Chambersburg Repository, made an affidavit here before a notary public that the Democratic party will endeavor to cast the electoral vote of Philadelphia to Cleveland by witholding the ballots from Republican counties until too late to be printed for election day. Mr. Pomeroy, in his affidavit, alleges that the scheme was unfolded to him by State Superintendent of Printing Grier, through mistaken ing him one night on the street at Harrisburg for a Democratic clerk.

MINISTER EGAN AT HOME.

Thinks Harrison Will Be Elected Beyond Doubt.

New York, Oct. 5.—Minister Patrick Egan was royally received yesterday by his friends, when he landed. In an interview he said Chilean people were friendly to this country, and that he thought President Harrison would certainly be re-elected.

Will Not Be Fused.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 10.—The Republican electoral ticket of Georgia will not be fused with the People's party. This was decided at a meeting of the selected candidates. The question was put to them whether half their number would not give way to the same number of People's party nominees. The refusal was emphatic. There will be therefore four tickets—Republican, Democratic, People's party and Prohibition.

Fusion in Montana.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 7.—Stories of fusion between the Democrats and People's party have been quietly circulated in Montana. The fusion, from all that can be learned, relates solely to the Presidential electors, and looks to the withdrawal of the Cleveland electors and endorsement of the Weaver men by the Democrats.

Michigan Democrats.

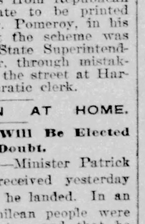
Lansing, Oct. 5.—The Democratic state convention nominated Judge William Newton for Supreme court judge. John Power, of Escanaba, was chosen for electors-at-large, and D. E. Hoskin, of Jackson, for the board of education.

Test Oath Unconstitutional.

Boise, Idaho, Oct. 8.—A special from Haily, Idaho, says that Judge Stockslager, of the Fourth district, has declared the Idaho test oath law unconstitutional. The case was brought by a Mormon whom a register in Cassia county had refused to register because he declined to subscribe to the test oath.

A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Diseases.

Lydia E. Pinkham devoted a life's study to the subject of Female Complaints, working always from the standpoint of reason, with a firm belief that a "woman best understands a woman's ills." That she has done her work well is plainly indicated by the unprecedented success of her great female remedy called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No one remedy in all the world has done so much to relieve the suffering of her sex. Her compound goes to the very root of Female Complaints, drives out disease, and re-invigorates the entire system.



Yours for Health. Lydia E. Pinkham

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

INGALLS IN KANSAS.

The People's Party Has Desecrated the Fair Name of That State—Splendid Meeting at Topeka.

Topeka, Oct. 10.—Republicanism in the capital of the state of Kansas received quite an impetus Saturday night. Senator John James Ingalls made his first appearance in the campaign of 1888, speaking to not less than 8,000 people. The address was one of the ex-Senator's masterpieces. Deliberate in his sophistry, cutting in his sarcasm, and eloquent in his appeals, as he besought Republicans to return to the banner of Republicanism, his speech produced a wonderful effect. At times, as the speaker would make one of his concise thrusts in his well-known manner, a storm of applause would sweep through the vast audience, showing conclusively that the great Kansan has lost none of his former popularity as a political speaker.

He urged the Republicans who had joined the Farmers' Alliance movement two years ago to return to the Republican party and aid in the re-election of President Harrison, and if Kansas elected the populist state legislative and electoral ticket it would sink itself in degradation from which it could not recover in a generation. The Democrats relied upon Kansas and other Western and Northwestern states to elect Grover Cleveland by their sending General Weaver electors to the electoral college. The Democrats neither hope nor expect to carry New York. The McKinley law has decided the election there in advance. The East wanted no change from present prosperous conditions. It would be for Harrison, and the Democrats relied for victory on the West. Their duty then was clear. A vote for Weaver was a vote for Cleveland.

The speech is worth 5,000 votes to the Republican state and electoral tickets.

COLONIZATION IS ATTEMPTED.

Democratic Scheming to Carry New York.

New York, Oct. 10.—The Republican national campaign committee gave to the press a type written statement charging the Democratic national committee with conspiring to colonize in this city, for election purposes, large numbers of negroes from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and also to buy up thousands of colored floaters in this city and state. These revelations of Democratic crookedness, it is further stated, have come to the Republican campaign committee through the exertions of Committeeman David Martin, of Pennsylvania.

Capt. J. W. Elder, of Washington, D. C., is stated to be the chief instrument employed by the Democratic national committee in this manipulation of the colored voters. He is said to have come to this city last August, at the call of the Democratic national committee, who have given him as assistants in this work three colored men, Arthur Smith, of Washington, Travis Glascoe, of Plainfield, N. J., and Charles Brown, of this city. Elder is also charged with having attempted to bribe colored preachers to further his schemes, but in this he is reported to have met with repulse.

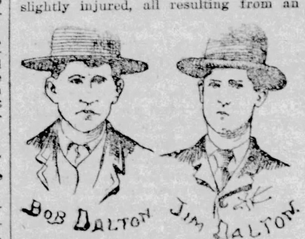
The Republican national committee say they will spare no effort for the detection of all these contemplated frauds on the franchise, and will leave nothing undone to punish the offenders.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE DALTON GANG KILLED.

The Attempt to Rob Two Banks Did Not Win.

Coffeyville, Kas., Oct. 5.—Bob and Grant Dalton, Tom Heddy and an unknown member of the Dalton gang lie dead in this city. Emmett Dalton is mortally wounded; City Marshal C. T. Connelly, George Cubine and Charles Brown, a shoemaker, are dead; Cashier Thomas G. Ayers, of the First National Bank, and Lucius Baldwin, a clerk in Real Bros.' store, fatally wounded, and T. A. Reynolds and Lewis Deitz are slightly injured, all resulting from an



attempt of the Dalton gang to rob the banks of C. M. Condon & Co. and the First National bank in this city, this morning at 9:45 o'clock. One man escaped, but will be caught before night.

The six members of the gang came into town on horseback, after leaving their animals in an alley walked rapidly across the square, four entering Condon's and two going to the First National bank.

At Condon & Co.'s bank they were told by Cashier Ball that the time lock would not be open till 10 o'clock, so, holding their Winchesters in their hands, told Ball and Teller Charles Carpenter that they would wait, taking, meantime, the money in the drawer. Bob and Emmet Dalton were the two who visited the First National. Here were Cashier Ayres, his son, Bert, and Teller W. H. Shepherd.

They were forced to give up the money in the safe, which was hastily shoved into bags. The Daltons then forced the three out of the front door, following right after them. The alarm had been the meantime been given, and as they came out George Cubine and Express Agent Cox shot at one of the robbers, badly wounding him. The roobers returned the fire, killing Cubine, and the robbers in Condon & Co.'s bank then began shooting out of the window, hitting Ayres and Brown.

Killed the Cashier.

Both robbers ran back through the bank, when they were met by Baldwin, and they killed him. The citizens being thoroughly aroused by this time, were after them hot and heavy, and succeeded in killing the four men named above, and mortally wounding Emmet, who lies in a room here. If he does not die soon from his injuries, he will be lynched. The man who got away is supposed to be Allie Ogee.

This is the old home of the Daltons, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the world should be rid of the gang by our citizens. Great excitement prevails, and if the other man is found he will be summarily dealt with. The large rewards for their capture dead or alive, if the citizens wishes are respected, will go to the families of the murdered citizens. Cashier Ayres may recover. All the money was recovered and turned over to the banks.

Coffeyville, Kas., Oct. 6.—The town is still in a great state of excitement over yesterday's tragedies, in which the infamous Dalton gang was literally wiped off the face of the earth. The story of the raid was told substantially in yesterday's dispatches. The following is a list of the killed:

BOB DALTON, desperado, shot through the head.

GRANT DALTON, desperado, shot through the heart.

EMMET DALTON, desperado, shot through the left side.

JOSEPH EVANS, desperado, shot through the head.

JOHN MOORE—"Texas Jack"—desperado, shot through the head.

T. C. CONNELLY, city marshal, shot through the body.

L. M. BALDWIN, bank clerk, shot through the head.

G. W. CUBINE, merchant, shot through the head.

C. J. BROWN, shoemaker, shot through the body.

Emmet Dalton was closely guarded by a company of citizens all night under command of a deputy marshal. Only the newspaper correspondents are admitted to him. The Associated Press representative saw him, and procured from him a statement of his life, particular attention being paid to the last two years.

He confessed the gang was responsible for the Red Rock, Wharton, and other train robberies in the territory which had been credited to them. The story of a hidden treasure he said was nonsense.

NAVAL PARADE.

Agents of Commerce, and Pleasure Yachts, Sail Up New York Bay—Second Day of the Great Columbian Fete.

New York, Oct. 11.—For once the people of this monstrous money getting town seems to have lost their desire for gain. To-day they are seeking pleasure as vigorously as they usually seek the almighty dollar. They started in early, and, if there is anything of truth in signs, they won't let up for several days to come. Everybody has given himself over to the joys and delights of the Columbian celebration.

The naval parade to-day was a grand sight, but nothing compared to the picture presented by the countless thousands of people who assembled along the shores of North river and the bay to see it. It was simply sublime. The most conservative bear on Wall street would have said a million people at the very lowest estimate saw the parade. Everything in the town seemed to have a flag attached to it from the clumsy cat boats of Oyster bay, to the sleepy old cab horses, to that marvel of modern architecture, St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The start was made at 12:30 o'clock from Gravesend bay. There were three columns in the parade, and the distance between each column was 200 yards. The foreign ships occupied the centre, the United States vessels on either side as an escort. As the line entered the Narrows a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from either shore.

First in the line came the patrolling flotilla, manned by the naval militia of New York. The United States torpedo boat Cushing with D. Nicholson Kane, director of the naval parade, on board came next. This was a sort of skirmish line to clear the way for the majestic fleet that slowly, grandly moved across the bay. The U. S. flagship Philadelphia proudly led the way of the visiting men-of-war. She had on board Commodore Henry Erben, U. S. N.; the committee on naval parade, the official guests, Capt. A. S. Barker, Lieut. Commander Franklin Hanford, Lieut. Commander H. B. Mansfield and Lieut. Scudder Prime.

The Men of War.

Following these came the men-of-war, or naval division, in charge of the following officers: Commodore Henry Erben, U. S. N., commanding; Capt. Albert S. Barker, fleet captain; Lieut. Commander Franklin Hanford, aide; Lieut. Commander Henry B. Mansfield, aide; Lieut. Scudder Prime, aide. The vessels advanced in this position:

U. S. S. Miantomah, Capt. Montgomery Sicard.

U. S. S. flagship Philadelphia, Capt. Albert S. Barker.

French flagship L'Arethuz, Rear Admiral De Lebran.

U. S. S. Atlanta, Capt. F. S. Higginson.

U. S. S. Dolphin, Commander W. S. Brownson.

French gunboat Hussard.

Coast Survey steamer, Lieut. C. V. Ireland.

U. S. S. Vesuvius, Lieut. Seaton Shroeder.

Italian cruiser Bausan.

U. S. S. ship St. Mary's, Commander John McGowan.

Revenue steamer Grant, Capt. Thos. Smith.

Spanish cruiser Infanta Ysabel.

Lighthouse steamer Amenia.

Revenue steamer Dexter, Capt. J. A. Slam.

U. S. S. Cushing, Lieut. C. McR. Winslow.

The Escorting Fleet.

There was a special escorting fleet following the government vessels. It composed the first division. In it were the fire and dock department boats and fifteen yachts.

The second division contained seventeen municipal boats. It was made up of seventeen yachts, among them being the Rival, the Golden Fleece, owned by Percy Belmont; the Lewaren, owned by F. A. Ostrander, the Nourmahal, the Halgon, the Conqueror, the Ituna, the Sapphire, the Orienta, and the Clermont and the Corsair.

In the third division Capt. Ludlam was senior officer. It was made up of twelve steamboats and ferry boats.

In the fourth division were fifteen steamboats and ferry boats.

In the fifth division the senior officer was J. G. Emmons. It was made up of twenty-five steamboats and tugs.

In the sixth division A. B. Valentine was senior officer. It was made up of twenty-two tugs.

In the seventh division C. H. Boyer was the senior officer. In it were twenty propellers, steamboats and tugs.

In the eighth division A. Luckenbach was the senior officer. It was made up of twenty-five tugs and propellers.

The ninth division was made up of eight merchantmen, Capt. Anning Smith was the senior officer.

The tenth division contained fourteen merchant vessels, and Capt. Edwin Deats was the senior officer.

Gigantic Floats.

One of the sights of the parade was a series of gigantic floats, illustrating the remarkable progress in the art of shipbuilding since the time Columbus discovered America. The fleet of the naval reserve, consisting of sixteen tugs divided into four squadrons, brought up the rear.

As the parade passed Battery Park a second salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The rumbling of the cannon had scarcely died away when the mighty host along the shores began to cheer. It began at the Battery, and swept along slowly but mightily like the roar of an awful, unearthly thunderbolt. Before it reached the end of the line, it was again taken up by the assembled throng on the battery, and again the roar rolled along the shores of North river, until the very foundations of Manhattan island seemed to tremble.

The three columns of vessels moved on uninterrupted until opposite One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, where the ships cast anchor. Then Mayor Grant, with the municipal guests, passed along the line in his boat, and as they passed a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. This ended the parade.

OUR TREATY WITH SAN DOMINGO

Mr. Astwood Says President Henreux Will Maintain It.

New York, Oct. 7.—H. C. C. Astwood, a colored man from Louisiana, who was United States consul at San Domingo during the administrations of Arthur and Cleveland, has recently returned from that country.

Talking about the reciprocity treaty between San Domingo and the United States, Mr. Astwood says: "President Henreux, to save the sugar industry, is doing all he can to maintain the treaty, notwithstanding the protest from Ireben, the tobacco-raising country. Tobacco is shipped exclusively to Germany, which controls the export trade with San Domingo. I am positive that the treaty will not be kept, not on account of the opposition of Germany, but on account of San Domingo's inability to meet her obligations under treaty. The story of Germany offering $50,000 to break the treaty with the United States is not true.

"It has cost San Domingo so much to maintain the sugar industry, which is in the hands of a few monopolists, that she is unable to bear the burden of the reciprocity treaty, but if the United States would let her tobacco come in free, she would get a larger export from the United States, and would then be in a condition to keep her treaty."

The Indiana Gerrymander.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 7.—The Indiana Supreme court yesterday refused to advance the suits to test the gerrymander acts of 1885 and 1891, without further consideration. They ordered that inasmuch as the case was of great importance to the people of the entire state the attorney general should appear in their behalf.

As the attorney general is Green Smith, the Democrat who forcibly kept Col. R. S. Robertson out of the office of lieutenant governor in 1887, a new feature is brought into the contest. The action in postponing the hearing of the motion to advance is taken by the politicians to mean that the case will not be decided before election.

Gold Discovered.

Leadville, Col., Oct. 5.—C. Derrick is in the city from Lost Canyon in the Twin Lakes district, and reports a find of fine gold ore at Grass Roots, in Lost Canyon. While prospecting he suddenly opened up a large vein of rich gold ore, samples of which run enormously high.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LORD TENNYSON

Is Dead—England's Poet Laureate Passed Away Early This Morning—His Last Hours—Brief Biography.

"The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds."

London, Oct. 6.—Lord Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate, died at 1:56 this morning. Immediately after his death the representative of the Associated Press had an interview with Sir Andrew Clark, one of the physicians who attended the poet laureate.

Sir Andrew said that Lord Tennyson's death was the most glorious he had ever seen. There was no artificial light in the room, and the chamber was almost in darkness, save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed upon which the dying man lay, bathing him in their pure

pellucid light and forming a Rembrandt-like background to the scene. All was quiet save the moaning of the autumn wind as it gently played through the trees surrounding the house, a fitting requiem for the gentle poet, who sang of love and the beauties of nature.

Motionless Lord Tennyson lay upon his couch, the tide of his life gently and slowly ebbing out into the ocean of the infinite. No rocks of pain or sorrow checked its course or caused a ripple upon the outgoing tide. As peacefully and as gently as he had lived, so he died, looking until the end into the eyes of those dear to him.

All the members of his family were by his bedside and Sir Andrew Clark remained by his side from the moment of his arrival yesterday until he breathed his last. So gentle and painless was his passing away that the family did not know he had gone until Dr. Clark broke the news to Lady Tennyson, who bore the closing scenes of her great trial well in spite of her extremely delicate health.

The Hon. Hallam Tennyson, the poet's son, says that his father's death was eminently peaceful. He did not show a single trace of suffering to distress his sorrowing relatives and friends. Once or twice during the night he lifted his eyes to the face of the watchers by his bedside and a beautiful smile played over his features. No doubt as to the future was in his wan face and did the summons he appeared to fall asleep. So restful was he and so calmly did he respond to the beckoning hand of the Angel of Death that those who stood beside him scarcely knew that he had passed away.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, in 1809. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of Somersby and vicar of Benniington and Grimsby, while his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, vicar of Louth. He was the third of a family of twelve children. The talent which gained for him the title of Poet Laureate of England began to develop itself in his early youth, for when 18 years old he, with his brother Charles, who afterward became vicar of Grasby and assumed the name of Turner, published a small volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." The poems attracted some attention, those of "Alfred" receiving the highest praise, Coleridge declaring that they alone of the selections in the volume gave hopeful promise of a coming poet.

The earlier efforts of Alfred and Charles are assumed by the father. Later Alfred was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he was awarded the Chancellor's medal for the poem in blank verse entitled "Timbuctoo." A year later he published his first volume of poems, "Chiefly Lyrical." "Mariana" was the only famous poem in this volume, but in a revised and enlarged edition issued in 1833 were found the "Lotos Eaters," "The Lotos Eater," "The Lady of Shalott," "A Dream of Fair Women," "Oenone," and others that are still well known. But this volume attracted comparatively little attention and the caustic criticisms from his pen appeared until 1842, when he published "English Idyls and Other Poems." He preserved in this new volume all that he cared to have live of his efforts in earlier publications and included in them some of the works which gave him place in the first rank of living poets, notably "The Day Dream," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "St. Simeon Stylites," "The Two Voices," "The Talking Oak," and "Mort d'Arthur." One of his next efforts was "The Princess, a Medley," in blank verse, with its theme the proper sphere of women, published in 1847.

In 1850 there appeared anonymously what was probably the purest and truest poem of that period, Tennyson's "In Memoriam," a series of 129 lyrical poems all caught together in grand pathetic tribute to the memory of the poet's college friend and companion, Arthur Hallam, who died in Vienna in 1833. Hallam was a son of Henry Hallam the historian, and was engaged to marry Tennyson's sister, a fact not known generally until many years later. For seventeen years Tennyson had borne the grief of his friend's death during which time he composed the elegies contained in the volume "In Memoriam."

November 21, 1850, Tennyson was appointed the temporary pisne of Poet Laureate of England, succeeding Wordsworth. Of the poems written in that capacity there have been few that have been considered by critics as works which are to take rank with others of his poems, notably, the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava." Both of these were included in his volume entitled, "Maud and Other Poems," published in 1855. "Maud" was described as being "so anomalous, both in narrative treatment and metrical construction, that critics and readers were widely at variance concerning it." Whatever adverse criticism might have been evoked over "Maud" was lost sight of and forgotten through the universally applauded "Idyls of the King," four stories in blank verse published in 1859 under the titles "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," drawn from the legends of King Arthur. Tennyson had begun in these a series of epic poems which he continued in various volumes of verse published during the next fifteen years, entitled in the order of their publication. "The Holy Grail," "Gareth and Lynette," "Pellas and Etarre," "The Last Tournament," and the "Passing of Arthur." These works did not include all his compositions for those years. In 1864 the poem which has since become familiar to nearly the whole of Christend

FREE TRADE SLAVERY

WORKING PEOPLE IN ENGLAND.

Thrilling Account of the Horrible Condition Existing Where Free Trade Has Long Held Sway—Nathaniel McKay's Story.

New York, Oct. 5.—(Special.)—Four years ago, when Grover Cleveland first appealed to you to indorse his free trade policy, I went to England to learn with my own eyes what free trade had done for the wage earners of that country, and to report to you the facts as they existed there. Many years of my life have been spent toiling as a mechanic, and well do I know from my personal experience what a fair day's pay means to the workingman, and the comforts

WOMEN COAL-WHEELERS—PAY, 4 CENTS AN HOUR.

that are given or denied his family, according to whether he is well or poorly paid. As I said in 1888, in presenting my picture of the workingman's life in free trade England, I have no wish to paint the colors any blacker than they are. God knows they need no coloring from me to make them such that no man wants to look upon their like a second time. If every working man in America could go where I have gone the last two months and see what I have seen among the working classes of England—could take with him the

FORTY YEARS WHEELING COAL. PHOTOGRAPHED AUGUST, 1892.

picture of the comfortable and contented homes of our industrial classes, well fed and well clothed, and contrast them with the wretched places called homes in "Merrie England"—if, I say, all of you could have traveled around among England's workers as I did, there would not be one among you who would not denounce as a traitor to this nation the man or the party that advocated a free trade policy for America.

A Pitiable Picture Reproduced.

My tour this summer covered much the same territory as that through which I traveled in the summer of 1888. I left New York in July and returned to it September 15. In that time I traveled the "Black Country," as it is called, of England, visited many of the same places and saw many of the same faces as four years ago. Time had not dealt kindly by them, especially the women, the sound of whose hammering on the anvil, the clank of the chains at which they work, and the noise of the pit upon which they shovel and wheel coal, were still all too horrible to the ear of one accustomed to seeing the mothers, wives and sweethearts of his fellow-workmen comfortably housed and spared the terrible burdens which these unfortunates have to bear.

Where in our land of the free, I ask you, can we find mother and daughter—aye, and often granddaughter—toiling day after day for a lifetime, side by side, at the forge or on the coal pit?

Where throughout our broad lands are our women made to slave like beasts of burden—ill-paid, poorly fed and clad, and looking only to death to relieve them from a toil to which in life there is no ending?

Free trade! No! Slave trade! And even worse than that it is, and the eye that can witness this spectacle undimmed, and the heart that does not go out in sympathy, has no place for humanity. But free trade is the cause of it, and for that reason is the curse of England.

England's Army of Paupers.

I landed in Liverpool in August. On the steamer going over I picked up Whitaker's Almanac, and found from its pages that there were 974,421 paupers in Great Britain in a population of 35,246,562. That is one to every 36 people. According to our last federal census we have only 97,263 paupers among the 65,000,000 in the United States, or one in every 643 of population. In England 2.8 per cent of the people are paupers and charges on the counties; in this country but .15 per cent. One person out of every 12 in the United Kingdom needs parish relief to keep him from starvation. It cost $49,467,345 last year to support England's paupers..

Is It Protection vs. Free Trade.

What a commentary on the condition of the people of the two countries! The one the greatest protectionist nation in the world and the other the leading exponent of free trade. The one having its people contented and well fed and the other starving or paupers. Remember, also, in making this comparison that our country is annually adding to its population hundreds of thousands of immigrants made up of the poorer classes from foreign nations and that they form the larger part of our paupers.

Pay of English Railway Men.

Liverpool reached, my next move was to get to Wigan, sixteen miles distant, at the entrance to the "Black Country," where 45,000 people are said to live but really only exist. At the railway station of the London & Northwestern road I learned from the engineer in charge of the train that he got $1.68 per day of ten hours. On express trains the pay is $1.80 for ten hours; firemen get $1.32. The conductor told me he had $1.32 per day; that trackmen had 84 cents; track-layers $4.86 per week; laborers $4.20; machinists, first-class, $7.68, and second-class 6.72 per week. Talking further with this engineer, I learned from him that he had two children at work receiving

WORKING WOMAN AT DINNER—BREAD, CHEESE AND WATER.

$1.68 each a week, while his wife worked in a factory for $4.80. He lived in three rooms, for which he paid $1.32 rent per week. Let railway employes in America compare these wages with their own—more than twice as large!

Wigan again, and Bailey's Court! What a picture of hopeless misery and despair it is! Imagine Bailey's Court, for instance, in any of our industrial cities! Here are two rows of tenements built of brick, with their only breathing spot a stone court yard in the rear not four feet wide. The largest room in the house is the one you enter from the street, and has but one window, four feet long and two feet high. Little panes of glass but a few inches square make up this "window." The stone floor is bare—sometimes with a rug here and there—an uncovered table serves for the family to eat from, and up stairs are the two sleeping rooms, which are as many as any family, no matter how large, can afford. This "home" costs 84 cents a week rent. Sir Francis Powell, M. P., owns these tenements, and they are over 100 years old.

Story of Two Butchers.

Two butchers who live there told me something of their existence. One has a wife and five children, another a wife and three children. The latter said his food cost as follows: Butter, 26 cents per pound; flour, 15 cents per pound; beef, 8 to 20 cents per pound; pork, 11 to 16 cents per pound; sugar, 46; rice, 8 to 16 cents; cheese, 12 to 16 cents; milk, 6 cents per quart; chickens, 40 to 60 cents each; potatoes, 20 pounds for 24 cents.

How a Slater Exists on $1.32 a Day.

A slater whom I met said he earned $1.32 per day and paid 8 cents each night for his lodging. He said he could board by the week for $3.36. He preferred to live another way, though, and paid about the following sum for his meals:

Breakfast—Bacon, 4 cents; tea, 3 cents; bread, 2 cents; total, 9 cents.

Dinner—Mutton, 6 cents; bread, 2 cents; pot of beer, 4 cents; total, 12 cents.

Supper—Bacon, 4 cents; cheese, 2 cents; bread, 2 cents; pot of beer, 4 cents; total, 12 cents.

Lodgings—8 cents. Grand total, 41 cents.

As he receives $1.32 per day he has left after this scanty living 91 cents. I asked him what he did with this balance. "I swallow it," said he, meaning that he spent it for liquor. Then I asked him as to the cost of his clothes in a year, and got these figures, which are a fair average for a year's supply for this type of workman:

Three pairs of breeches, at $1.92	$ 5 76
Two coats, at $1.50	3 00
Three shirts, at 78 cents	2 34
Three vests, at 1.08	3 24
Three caps, 24 cents each	72
Two pair of shoes, at $1.96 each	3 92
Three pairs of socks, at 32 cents each	96
Total cost	$19 94

I venture to say, though, that no slater in America would wear the clothes this man buys, nor eat the food that he does.

A Poor House Their Asylum.

Wigan is one of the great coal producing centers of England as well as one of its manufacturing places. The town has been literally undermined for coal, some of the shafts running as far as 2,500 feet underground. Close to the center of the city is the Meadows colliery, where men and women work together year after year, and the first sight that reaches their eyes when they come above ground is the Wigan poorhouse, just opposite the entrance—a constant reminder of the end for most of them, should man, woman or child stop for a day from their treadmill of toil at the mines.

A Woman Forty Years Wheeling Coal

Forty women of all ages and conditions were at work wheeling coal when I reached the Meadows colliery. One of them, though old and wrinkled, seemed to have the muscles of an animal. She told me that her name was Eliza Rider, 55 years old, and that she had been wheeling coal for forty years. She earns 46 cents a day of ten hours. When I asked her about her clothes, she said that she wore trousers cast off by the men. I got her photograph, and it is reproduced here. On the top of the pit I took photographs also of the women with their clogs on, while wheeling coal from the pit to the dumps. They told me they got 40 cents a day of ten hours. Some were paid by cuts.

One of the women said that her husband worked in the pit and that her child was kept by her mother. She paid 60 cents a week rent and 48 cents a week for coal. Her husband earns 90 cents a day in the pit, making $5.40 for him and $2.40 for her—making $7.80 in all per week for the family. She said, "I pay my mother 96 cents a week to care for my child, so that I can work. I have worked here for eight years and before that was in a cotton mill. My supper is usually a pot of potatoes and meat or potatoes and bread, seldom have meat and bread together, as I can not afford both. On Sundays I have green peas and beef (12 to 14 cents a pound for the beef), boiled potatoes and pudding, but no bread. The meat lasts me until Tuesday. Sometimes I purchase two pounds of cheese at 16 cents a pound. My breakfast is usually bread and butter, meat pie and tea. I have corn cake, bread and butter for dinner." She gave her name as Margaret Fuld, and said that she lived at 46 Sale street. I took her photograph as she was eating the dinner described above. The picture is given herewith.

GENERAL NEWS.

INDICTMENTS FOR TREASON

Against Homesteaders—Frick et al. for Murder and Conspiracy.

Pittsburg, Oct. 11.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon the grand jury returned true bills against the members of the Homestead advisory committee, charged with treason.

True bills were also returned against H. C. Frick, John G. A. Leishman, F. T. F. Lovejoy, Henry Curry, Supt. Potter, Otis Childs and Nevin McConnell, all Carnegie officials, Henry and Fred Pinkerton, Capt. Cooper, Fred Primer and other Pinkerton detectives, charged with murder and conspiracy.

THE ORIGINAL DECLARATION

To Be Taken to Chicago in a Strong Box.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 10.—A big chest, which is to be the repository at the World's Columbian Exposition of priceless documental treasures of the nation, is being made in this city. To its care will be committed the original Declaration of Independence, the draft made by Thomas Jefferson, the Constitution of the United States which has never before left the State department of Washington since it was first deposited there, and other valuable historical and legal documents.

The chest in height is ten feet, it is three feet six inches broad, and about as deep, and is made of highly wrought gray steel. A shelf lined with velvet is placed below the lower drawers. The chest will be sent to Washington, and there supplied with plate glass, so that the curious may catch a glimpse of the documents. Then a special car will be provided, and under a guard composed of several army officers it will be taken to the fair.

Gold Mines Discovered.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 11.—Parties just arrived from the mountains of Scott county, some 75 miles north of this city, report the discovery of a gold mine. The mine was found by a hunter while exploring a cave. It is said several hundred people have flocked to that region and struck camp there and are now guarding the new Eldorado with shot-guns to prevent their claims being jumped by others.

27% Difference

The "Royal" the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder.

Whether any other baking powder is equal to "Royal," let the official reports decide. When the different powders were purchased on the open market and examined by Prof. Chandler, of the New-York Board of Health, the result showed that Royal Baking Powder contained twenty-seven per cent. greater strength than any other brand.

When compared in money value, this difference would be as follows:

If one pound of Royal Baking Powder sells for 50 cents,

One pound of no other powder is worth over 36 cents.

If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer in place of the Royal, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.

PRICE OF WORLD'S FAIR TICKETS

Not Yet Decided Upon by the Railroads.

New York, Oct. 5.—The question of the price of World's Fair tickets has hardly been touched on yet, or only considered in an informal way by the Trunk Line passenger agents, who have recently been considering the subject during sessions in this city. The subject will be taken up by the executive committee of the Trunk Line association at a special meeting, to be called for the purpose as soon as practicable.

The first point to be decided is the character of the tickets to be issued; whether they shall be round trip or for one way only. The Erie and Pennsylvania are earnest advocates for a one-way ticket at reduced rates, while the Vanderbilt lines are just as determined in their desire for the round trip.

Those who favor the one-way ticket contend that there will be less danger of a disturbance of rates, and that this plan will offer greater inducements to Western and Southern people to come to New York, or other places in the East. There are thousands of people on the Pacific slope, and in the far Western states, who have close associations with the East. They will naturally want to see their old homes and kindred, and will be much more apt to come further East if they can buy single tickets at reduced rates, than if they could only get round-trip tickets, compelling them to return by the same route. The result of this route, it is argued, is expense and waste of time, while the scalpers will soon have liberal supplies of the return coupons and demoralization of rates will surely follow.

As soon as the style of ticket has been decided on, the price at which it shall be sold will be taken up. The suggestion that seems to have met with the most favor, and on which calculations have been made, is that the charge shall be one fare and one-third for the round trip, or half that amount should the single ticket be adopted.

BOGUS AGENTS OF ENGLAND.

The Postoffice Department Now After Them.

Washington, Oct. 7.—The postoffice department has of late received many complaints from citizens in different parts of the country against persons representing themselves as agents of the British government in search of residents of the United States of English ancestry, and deluding them into belief that vast estates await them in England. The so-called agents demand from the gullible a certain amount of money and a power of attorney.

The latest case run down by the postoffice department inspectors was that of a resident of Egan, Texas, who furnished the officers with the papers he had received from a man who gave his name as Joseph Leger, of the Dominion Bureau, 451 Eighth avenue, New York. Leger agreed to secure for the Texan the estate in England left by his great grandfather, and furnished him with a bogus certificate bearing what purported to be the sale of the court in chancery confirming his title to the estate, and stating that "Jos. Leger, now in America, is commanded to notify the interested party, and after receiving the tax on legacies and bequests to issue possession papers, and report the same to the court."

LOSING CONFIDENCE IN SILVER

Decline in the Price of Silver and the Cause For It.

Washington, Oct. 7.—"It looks as though people were losing confidence in silver," said Mr. Leech, the director of the mint. "The visible supply in New York is small, and a large part of it is held by persons who bought when the price was high and are holding on to it. Our offers here seem to be decreasing, which would go to show a reduced supply and ought to show a higher price. The price to-day, however, was as low as 83 cents and 9 mills, and a few days ago was a shade lower. There has been a decline of about two cents since July 1. The cause of this decline in price and the lack of confidence in silver apparently must be due to the diminished use of silver abroad, but I cannot fully understand it. Of course, if the international monetary conference should result in a plan to bring silver into more general use the price would rise again."

"If the supply gets to the point where the offers are too small to meet the monthly purchase by the government what will be the effect?" was asked.

"It ought to raise the price," replied Mr. Leech.

SEN. PEFFER'S SON KILLED.

A Fatal Railroad Accident in Kansas.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 6.—A special to the Star from Council Grove, Kas., says: A freight train on the Missouri Pacific railroad met with a bad accident about 60 miles west of this place early this morning, caused by the train going through a burning bridge. The engineer, C. T. Peffer, a son of United States Senator Peffer, and Clint Howard, fireman, were both instantly killed. Charles Hart, another fireman, was also badly injured.

After the accident occurred, the wreck took fire, burning up thirteen cars of grain. Both Peffer and Howard leave families.

HEATED WITH HOT WATER.

Only City Favored Like That in the World.

Boise, Idaho, Oct. 5.—Boise is to be heated with hot water and in that respect will be the most remarkable city in the world. About a mile from the city great volumes of boiling water gush out of several deep artesian wells. The water possesses no medicinal value and heretofore has been used only for bathing.

Now a six inch pipe will be laid from the springs in the town and the hot water will be conducted into nearly every business block and residence. The cost of heating with hot water, it is estimated, will be 50 per cent less than with coal.

American Grain in Spain.

Washington, Oct. 6.—In view of the failure of the grain crop of Spain, Consul Turner, of Cadiz, urgently recommends that samples of American grain, with their commercial classifications and present export price, be sent him to be placed upon exhibit at the board of trade rooms. Accompanying Consul Turner's dispatch is a call for the addresses of American maize exporters for the benefit of persons at that place who desire to import direct from the United States.

Coal Miners' Wages Increase.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 7.—Statistics given out by the bureau of labor, show that daily wages of coal miners in Illinois have increased during the last year 15.6 per cent.

SENATOR DAWES' SUCCESSOR

Likely to be Henry Cabot Lodge Now in Congress.

Boston, Oct. 8.—The term of Henry L. Dawes, the senior United States Senator from Massachusetts, will terminate on the 4th of next March, and already the politicians of the state are actively at work upon the canvass for this place, evidently with the presumption that Mr. Dawes will either not be a candidate, or if a candidate will have no material strength in the legislature.

The men who are most prominently named in this connection are Henry Cabot Lodge, who now represents the

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Seventh district in the lower branch of Congress, and William E. Barrett, the speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives.

Mr. Lodge is well known as a scholar, and is one of the rising men of the state and nation. His friends, who are not only very many but very influential, have for a long time desired to have him advanced to the important position of Senator, which he is well able to fill, not only with grace and dignity, but with marked ability as well. Mr. Lodge is a gentleman of great literary attainments, but he is by no means a recluse. He is young, wealthy, and exceedingly popular, for he has stood by his party when many of the men in his class have deserted it. He not only deserves advancement upon the ground of loyalty to the principles of his party, but he has won the right to promotion by valiant service. In his district he has hosts of friends who will not stand by and see him slaughtered, and throughout the state he has admirers who will vote for him on the ground of his recognized ability, if for no other reason.

BONDS OF THE EXPOSITION

Being Subscribed for at a Lively Rate.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—The exposition bonds which were placed on the market October 1 are being subscribed for at a lively rate, and World's Fair officials are correspondingly elated.

When the finance committee last week placed the $4,000,000 worth of securities for sale the members had little idea how popular they would be with investors. Chairman Peck of the committee said yesterday that $1,500,000 worth had already been subscribed for by Chicago banks. The bonds are considered absolutely good and bear 6 per cent interest. Their purchase by the public is all the more pleasing to the Exposition management, since upon their sale depends the securing of the souvenir coins from the United States treasury. The law provides that before these coins are issued the directory must show evidence of the provision for the cost of the exposition.

To build the Fair will, according to the latest budget, cost about $18,750,000. The directors figure as their resources for meeting this expenditure and complying with the act of Congress that they will realize $10,500,000 from stock subscriptions and city bonds. The Congressional appropriation is $2,500,000 and the estimated premium an equal amount. The sale of the bonds is expected to realize $4,000,000, making a total of $19,500,000, against the necessary $18,750,000. Receipts from the gates, from concessions, and from salvage reach something over $15,000,000, so that there is abundant security for the $4,000,000 of bonds.

The sale of souvenir coins, or rather orders for them, roll in at the rate of several thousand dollars a day. From every bank of consequence in the country Treasurer Seeberger said he was receiving orders. Some banks have doubled their original subscriptions.

MORMON ELDERS ARE EXULTANT

A Mormon May Support More Than one Woman if he Desires.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 8.—At the Mormon conference, Apostle John W. Taylor said the manifesto of President Woodruff, advising that no more polygamy be entered into for the present, does not prevent a man from supporting more than one woman if he wants to. Apostle Grant was severe on apostates and those who criticize the church authorities. Apostle Thatcher warned the congregation that wrongs are not to be righted by the people, but by the constituted rights of the church.

President George Q. Cannon exulted in the freedom and prosperity of the saints, and in the change of public sentiment that has been wrought in their favor, a change little short of miraculous.

A PECULIAR IOWA LAW SUIT.

Quarrel as to the Possession of an Aerolite.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5.—The Supreme court of Iowa has affirmed the Winnebago meteor case. In May, 1890, an aerolite weighing 66 pounds fell on the farm of John Goddard. Peter Hoagland dug it up and sold it H. V. Winchel as his own for $105.

Goddard sued, claiming that as the stone fell on his land it became his, and Hoagland had no right to it. The district court decided in Goddard's favor, holding that the meteor became part of the soil. The defense was that it was movable, and being unclaimed by the land owner, belonged to the finder

JAPANESE BUILDING BEGUN.

It Will be Built of Native Wood by Native Workmen.

Chicago, Oct. 8.—Work on the first building ever constructed under Japanese direction and of the products of the Japanese islands, by native workmen, in the United States, was commenced this morning at Jackson Park.

The laborers who are to put up this structure on the north end of the wooded island, arrived in Chicago yesterday, and were taken at once to the park.

GROUND IS SLOWLY SINKING.

New Church in Danger of Being Swallowed Up.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 10.—The surface of the ground over the central mine has began to sink and the new $100,000 Roman Catholic church of St. Patrick and an adjoining orphanage situated near by are in danger of being engulfed.

Chicago & St. Louis Electric Railway.

Edinburgh, Ill., Oct. 7.—Ground was broken here yesterday for the Chicago, & St. Louis Electric railroad. Tents were pitched, and 100 teams will go to work at once.

The company has purchased the Edinburgh Coal Mining company's plant, and will at once begin the erection of power-houses, machine shops, etc. Dr. Adams says that the road will be completed in time for the World's Fair.

Dr. Newton Will Not Be Tried.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 10.—Bishop Potter is authority for the statement that the Rev. R. Heber Newton will not be tried for heresy. The committee appointed to investigate the charge has completed its report, and this is in the hands of Bishop Potter. It is understood that this report is favorable to Dr. Newton, and hence Bishop Potter's authorative denial.

The New Mormon Temple.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 10.—The sixty-second annual conference of the Mormon church has closed. The reports from Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico show a total membership of over 200,000. It was decided to dedicate the new temple on April 4, 1893. This was commenced forty years ago, and has cost $2,500,000.

Forty Lakes in Mars.

Valparaiso, Oct. 6.—Professor Pickering, of the Harvard branch observatory at Arequipa, says that he has discovered forty small lakes in Mars. He also confirms Prof. Holden's observations on the planet and measured the planet.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The New York bank statement was awaited with much interest on Saturday. It showed a decrease of $2,455,825 in the surplus reserve, which brings it down to $1,936,575 from $4,392,400 last week, $6,639,475 a year ago, $3,155,225 in 1890, and a deficit of $708,025 in 1889. Specie decreased only $14,000, but the shipment of $4,000,000 of currency to the country was reflected in a decrease of $3,486,600 in legal tenders. Loans decreased $1,607,000 and deposits $4,179,100. The decrease in deposits made a reduction of $1,044,775 in the required 25 per cent reserve. The statement would have been more unfavorable had it not been that the sub-treasury operations were in favor of the banks, and to a large extent offset the losses by currency shipments. The latter are proving unusually large. It has been understood that the Western reserve cities were well supplied with funds, and that the demand on New York this fall would be smaller than usual. But the contrary is the case, and the New York banks are drawn upon very heavily. This period of the year is, however, always one of decreasing reserves, and the banks are now in a stronger position than usual, last year excepted, when there was an unusual accumulation of funds, owing to the inactivity in general trade and the inertia in speculation.

Money was firm, call loans ranging from 4 to 10 per cent—the average, however, being but 5 per cent. Banks and other financial institutions made no loans below 4 per cent, and as a rule received 5. Sterling exchange ruled firm, but the higher rates for money towards the close caused an easier tone. Time contracts were in fair demand and the supply of money was abundant; the transactions were very light, however, because the views of lenders and borrowers were so diverse as to rates. Quotations on good stock exchange collateral were 4 per cent bid for 60 to 90 days and 5 per cent for 4 to 6 months.

The stock market for last week showed a general tendency toward higher prices, with considerable activity, though the marked advances were in special stocks. Thus New York and New England advanced upon rumors of a deal, while the heavy traffic and increased earnings of Western roads, with the assurance that the corn crop is safe, supported prices of the granger stocks. There are indications of a reviving interest abroad in American securities and renewed confidence, especially in the London market, though the buying is as yet on a limited scale. The present week, being devoted to the Columbian celebration in New York, will be largely a holiday, and this means an inactive market.

The silver market on both sides of the Atlantic showed steadiness. The demand on Indian account was limited but regular, with a firmness of India exchange. The price at New York was a shade higher than that in London, owing to purchases by the government, and a small decrease in the supply. This diminution in the output is due to strikes in the Coeur d' Alene district, which, by cutting down the supply of fluxing ores, reduced smelting operations; hence its effect will be but temporary. There have been some speculative features in the market, due to the fixing of the time and place of the monetary conference, and the hope that this body will reach an international settlement of the silver question. Bar silver closed in New York on Saturday at 84.625 cents per ounce, at which rate the silver in the standard dollar is worth 65.45 cents.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Business Distinctively Better All Over the Country.

New York, Oct. 8.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade says: The first week of October shows more activity in spite of the near approach of the Presidential election. Business is distinctively better at the South on account of the improvement in the price of cotton; more active at the West, with improved prospects, and slightly retarded at the East.

The expected reaction from the extreme low price of cotton helps business at the South. In general, speculation has disturbed legitimate trade much less during the past quarter than is usual at this season, although the transactions in cotton have been exceedingly heavy.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the past seven days number 220, as compared with totals of 208 last week. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 270.

OCTOBER CROP STATISTICS.

Acreage of the Wheat Crop in the Principal States.

Washington, Oct. 11.—October statistical returns of the Department of Agriculture make the general condition:

The report for wheat gives the state averages of yield per acre ranging from 6 to 22 bushels and averaging 13 bushels. The averages of the principal wheat growing states are as follows:

New York 14.3, Pennsylvania 14.4, Texas 12.3, Ohio 13.2, Michigan 14.7, Indiana 14, Illinois 14.7, Wisconsin 11.5, Minnesota 11.7, Iowa 11.5, Missouri 12.1, Kansas 17, Nebraska 13.5, South Dakota 12.5, North Dakota 12.2, Washington 18.4, Oregon 15.7, California 12.8. The October statistical returns of the Department of Agriculture make the general condition of corn 79.8 against 79.9 for last month. The absence of frost has been favorable to the ripening for late and immature areas.

The temperature for the last week in September was especially beneficent. During the past ten years there were three, 1883, 1887 and 1890, which reported worse condition in October, and made a yield of 20 to 22 bushels per acre. The range of yield of ten years has been from 20 to 27 bushels. The present condition indicates a yield below the average. The state averages for commercial belt are as follows: Ohio 80, Indiana 77, Illinois 71, Iowa 70, Missouri 82, Kansas 70, Nebraska 78. Only the figures of Ohio and Missouri are up to the general average. The average yield of oats is 24.3 bushels. The last report of condition was the lowest in ten years, that of 1890 excepted, the average being 84.4 against 78.9 this year. The average for estimated state yields of rye is 12.7 bushels. Condition of potatoes has declined during the past month from 74.8 to 67.7. More or less rot is reported in the Atlantic states. In Michigan the tubers are generally small on account of drouth. Low condition is general in the Eastern, Middle, Central and Western states. It is highest in the Rocky mountain region and in the South, where the crop was gathered early in the season. Condition of buckwheat has declined since the last report from 80 to 80. It is 87 in New York and 90 in Pennsylvania. The condition of tobacco has improved three or four points, now averaging 83.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of the Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., Oct. 11, 1892.

The following shows changes in Government Bonds during the past month:

U. S. 6s, coupons	114½		114¾
U. S. 4s, registered	114½		114¾
U. S. 2s, registered	100¼	bid	100¼ bid
Pacific 6s of 1895	107	bid	107 bid

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

3:00 p. m.—Money easier at 2½@3 per cent. Bar silver, 84¼. The stock market in the last hour of business was dull and strong. The close was strong with prices at or near the top of the day. There will be no session of the board to-morrow.

CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS who fear the phenomenal success of

Van Houten's Cocoa in America, appeals heretofore against it, and appeal to the Authority of

Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Prof. of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics," who actually writes as follows: "From the special analyses of Prof. ATTFIELD and others I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S Cocoa is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas. It is certainly a very delicious beverage." And this notwithstanding certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are misleading and cannot possibly apply to Van Houten's Cocoa. The false references VAN HOUTEN'S Cocoa is the only one that is referred to, and to Van Houten's Cocoa." The only authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.

Bank Statement.

New York, Oct. 8.—The weekly bank statement shows these changes:

Reserve, decrease	$2,455,825
Loans, decrease	1,607,400
Specie, decrease	14,000
Legal tenders, decrease	3,486,600
Deposits, decrease	4,179,100
Circulation, decrease	98,100

The banks hold $1,003,575 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Trade.

During the past week trade generally has been fully up to anticipations of merchants. Collections satisfactory.

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

This forenoon there were weak markets at all points. The government crop report making the wheat crop about 520,000,000 bushels, the breaking up of the drouth in Russia, and heavy Northwestern receipts causing a sharp downward turn. Corn was weak and lower in sympathy with wheat and the government report.

At Toledo October wheat opened at 74 3-4c, and dropped to 74 1-4c, 1 1-2c decline down.

Corn for October delivery opened at Chicago at 43c, and fell to 42 3-8c, 3-8c down.

The government report for wheat gives the state average of yield per acre ranging from 6 to 22 bushels, and averaging 13 bushels. The averages of the principal wheat growing states are as follows: New York, 14.3; Pennsylvania, 14.4; Texas, 12.3; Ohio, 13.2; Michigan, 14.7; Indiana, 14; Illinois, 14.7; Wisconsin, 11.5; Minnesota, 11.7; Iowa, 11.5; Missouri, 12.1; Kansas, 17; Nebraska, 13.5; South Dakota, 12.5; North Dakota, 12.2; Washington, 18.4; Oregon, 15.7; California, 12.8.

The October statistical returns of the department of Agriculture make the general condition of corn 79.8 against 79.9 for last month. The absence of frost has been favorable to the ripening for late and immature areas.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 60,000 bushels, of which 40,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 20,000 bushels to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1891 were 880,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 were 23,400,000 bushels, of which 14,300,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 9,100,000 bushels to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 38,880,000 bushels, of which 13,340,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 19,540,000 bushels to the Continent.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

This afternoon wheat was active, but prices were lower all along the list. Corn was without patrons. Clover seed was active and lower.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 74 3-4@74c, latter to close, 1 1-2c under yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 67c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 69c; No. 4 soft red, 61c; No. 2 white, 72c; No. 3 hard, 65 3-4c; rejected No. 1, 65c; do do, No. 2, 56c.

October wheat, 74 3-4@74c, less price to conclude, 1 3-4c below yesterday; November, 75 3-4@76c; December, 78@78 3-4c; finally 76c, 1 1-2c down; May 82 7-8@83 7-8c, 1 3-4c decline.

Prices of October and December wheat, to-day:

Oct.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	74¾	74¾	74	74
Chicago	73¼	73¼	72¼	72¾
St. Louis	69¼	69¼	69¼	69¼
December—				
Toledo	76⅞	76⅞	76	76
Chicago	76	76	75	75⅝
St. Louis	72¼	72¼	71¾	71⅞

Corn—No. 2 about 44c.

Oats—No. 2, 30c.

Rye—No. 2, 57 1-2c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash and October, $6.30, 35c under yesterday; November, $6.35; December, $6.35, 30c depressed; January, $6.45, 32 1-2c lower.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market for produce was well supplied this morning. Butter was in sufficient supply for demands, at unchanged prices. Eggs sell readily at quotations. Poultry steady. Vegetables in good supply, with no change, excepting for tomatoes, which were higher. Fruits in demand; quinces are cheaper than for several years past, but other fruits are firm. Fresh meats in full supply, excepting dressed hogs, which are firm. Salt meats in fair supply. Hides dull, steady.

Butter—Creamery, 20@27c; dairy, 21@26c; fair quality, 16@17c.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, 19@20c.

Cheese—Full skim, per lb, 4½c; part skim, 3½c.

Poultry and game—Chickens, dressed, 11c, 9c for young and 8c for old; ducks, live, 7c; turkeys, dressed, 13@14c; woodcock, each, 25c; pheasants, each, 25c; rail, doz, 30c.

Vegetables—Celery, bunch, 25@40c; tomatoes, bu, 60@75c; cabbages, doz, 30@40c; peppers, bu, 40c; egg plant, doz, 50c; turnips, bu, 40c; parsnips, bu, 65c; carrots, bu, 40c; vegetable oysters, doz, 40c; beets, bu, 40c; potatoes, bu, 70@80c; melons, doz, 30@50c; Hubbard squashes, doz, $1.50; sweet potatoes, home-grown, bu, $1; spinach, bu, 25@30c; radishes, doz bunches, 15c.

Fruits—Pears, bu, $1.50@2; quinces, bu, $1.25; apples, bu, 75c; peaches, bu, $2.50@3.50; cranberries, bu, $3.50; grapes, lb, 3c.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs per 100 lbs, $7; calves, lb, 6½@7c; beef, lb, 3½@5½c; mutton, lb, 7c; lambs, 8c.

Salt meats—Heavy mess pork, per bbl, $13; short mess, $14; clear mess, $14.50; short clear, $15. Hams—Sugar-cured, 18 lbs and over, 13½c; 15 lbs average, 14c; 12 lbs and under, 14½c; shoulders, lb, 10c; breakfast bacon, rib, 11c; do clear, per lb, 12c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces and bbls, per lb, 9c; half bbls, 9½c; 50-lb tins, 9½c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb, 5½c; light hides, steers and cows, per lb, 5½c; calf, per lb, 6c; kip, 6c; cured hides, heavy steers, per lb, 6½c; light hides, 6@6½c.

Wool—Washed, per lb, 25@28c; unwashed, 16@18c.

Hay—Best timothy, in bulk, $10@12 per ton; mixed hay, $7@9.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, Oct. 11.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 80¾@80c; No. 1 Northern, 78@78¾c; No. 2 red, 78c. Corn, No. 2, 46½c.

St. Louis, Oct. 11.—Close—Wheat lower; cash, 69½c; October, 69½c; December, 72c; May, 78¾c. Corn lower; cash and October, 39½c; November, 39½c; December, 39½c; year, 38½c; May, 40½c. Oats lower, cash and October, 29¼c; November, 29½c; May, 34½c. Pork quiet; jobbing, $12. Lard nominally $8. Whisky steady at $1.10.

Detroit, Mich. Oct. 11.—Markets closed lower; Wheat, No. 1 white, 75½c; No. 2 red cash, 74c; Number 3 red cash, 67½c; December, 76½c; May 82c, bid. Corn, No. 2 cash, 44c; Oats, No. 2 white, 32½c; No. 2 mixed, 32c. Rye, No. 2 cash, 57½c Clover seed, $6.40.

Milwaukee, Oct. 11.—Barley quiet; October, 34c; sample, 85@86c. Rye quiet; No. 1, 53c.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 11.—Flour steady. Wheat easier and market lower at 75c. Corn weak at 45c. Oats easy at 33½c. Rye easier at 59½c. Provisions steady. Whisky active and firm; sales, 858 bbls.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—Wheat opened 1¼@1⅝c lower at 75¾@76¼c for December, and declined to 75¼c. Corn opened ⅛c lower, at 47⅜c for May, and fell to 47⅛c. Pork opened 50c lower at $12.50 for January, touched $12.47½, reacted to $12.55, and dropped back to $12.50. Lard opened at $7.15 for January, and ribs opened 5c lower at $6.47½ for January.

Chicago, Oct. 11—11 22 a. m.—Wheat—December, 75¾c; May, 81¼c. Corn—November, 42½c; May, 46⅝c. Oats—November, 31c; May, 35½@35¾c. Pork—October, $11.20; January, $12.50 bid. Lard—October, $7.02½ bid; January, $7.12½. Ribs—October, $10; January, $6.45.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—Close—Wheat easy; cash, 72¾@72¾c; October, 72½c; December, 75¾c; May, 80¾@80⅞c. Corn weak; cash, 42¼c; October, 42⅜c; November, 43½@43¾c; December, 43¼@43½c; May, 46@46⅜c. Oats steady; cash and October, 29¼c; November, 30¼c; May, 35½@35¾c. Pork easy; cash and October, $11.20; November, $11.25; January, $11.42½. Lard easy; cash and October, $6.97½; November, $7.02½; January, $7.12½.